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FALSE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Why is it we read, so many times,
Of woman's falseness, while you all pass by
The treachery of man? Perhaps you think
His falseness hidden from the observing eye:
Not that all men are false—I mean not that!
But I am weary of this story old
Of woman's weakness, for I know of men
Who have proved false for fame, and place, and

Who have proved false for fame, and place, an gold.

And yet, if we believed just what we read, we should not dream that man was ever base. And weak enough to do as women do—instead You tire not, talking o'er our fickle ways.

Why! I can tell you o' a man who holds A place high up on Fortune's hill to-day, who wooed a woman's heart with tender words. And then, for gold, he threw the thing away! The poor, poor thing!—a woman's loving heart, Filled with a faith that trusted all mankind! What was so small a thing to that proud man Whose words were empty as the lightest wind? He cared not for the heart that owned him king; Love—gold—he weighed them, and the gold were down.

You think a woman's heart so frail a thing—

down.

You think a woman's heart so frail a thing—
We women think that love is life's true crown!

Some women may be false—but men are, too!
There are false hearts among them both, I know.
But still the falsest heart I ever knew.

Was a man's heart! His soul must tell him so.
But then—what use to tak? The world will say
Just what it pleases! False things rule the day.

Love-Blind:

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER I. THE FACE IN THE DRAWER.

Through the open window came the faint perfume of early summer sweets, and the afternoon sunshine, falling in tesselated golden beauties over the carpet, lighted up with a halo of glory the beautiful head bent over the hands that were clasped in a tight embrace.

Around the graceful, drooping figure swept folds of rich maize silk that was particularly becoming to the fair throat, face and arms, and contrasting well with the

dusky hair that, unbound by comb or ribbon, fell loosely to the slender, supple waist, a rippling, darkening cloud.

She was very beautiful, very fair; and yet that rare face was shadowed by a frown that ought not to have been there, and in the dark lustrous every was mirrored an experience. the dark, lustrous eyes was mirrored an ex-

with a sudden gesture of impatience, she arose from the low hassock, and began a rapid, restless promenade through the luxu-

rious chamber Upon every object her eyes rested; now flashing as they noted the dainty elegance of carpet, curtains and furniture; now smiling scornfully as they dwelt upon the crystal ornaments of the dressing-bureau; whereon lay open caskets of glowing,

bright-eyed jewels.
With closest, most earnest attention, Lillian Rothermel viewed the contents of this bedchamber, the plainest, probably, of all the apartments at Fernleigh; and then, as she deliberately paused before the mirror, her peach-bloom cheeks grew more vivid in their coloring, and her black eyes more intense in their half-scornful, half-triumphant

'It is all very elegant; all very suitable to my fastidious tastes, and I doubt whether many women would refuse it all, even if it did come at the awful price I am going to

pay for it."

She stood steadily regarding the play of her own peerless features as she soliloquized. I have no need of denying to myself that I am a beautiful woman; and when a pretty face is all I possess, why should I not make the most of it? If it never brings me happiness, it shall give me riches, and influence, and satisfy my ambition.

She glanced casually out of the rose-hued curtained window, and then, with a mighty surge, came a tide of emotion over her white face and throat.

It was not an uncommon sight at all that she saw, but it evidently was one that bore a peculiar relation to her; for the scarlet flush died away, and as her face grew paler, her eyes filled with tears, and she moved away from the window.

Below, on the graveled walk, Lillian Rothermel had seen two gentlemen; one, a fine, portly man of perhaps sixty years of age; arrayed in the neatest, most elegant at-tire; with a face at once prepossessing and

He was Mr. Edward Clavering, the wealthy owner of Fernleigh and all its

splendid accompaniments. The other was years younger—a graceful, stylish-looking man, with an air of pride and independence that was peculiarly adapt-

He had a handsome face, with its darkblue eyes and bronzed cheeks; its gravely-sweet mouth, with a thick, curling mustache of golden brown; his hair, curling in loose tendrils, brushed off his forehead.

It was on this attractive face that Lillian Rothermel had looked with scarlet-stained cheeks and quivering mouth. Her eyes still dimmed with the unshed

tears that trembled on the lashes, she opened a side-drawer in her dressing-bureau and took therefrom a picture-painted on porcelain, and with a name written on the card that was attached to it.

The picture was a perfect likeness of the gentleman Lillian had seen below, walking with old Mr. Clavering; and the name on the card was Harry Gordeloup.

With a passionate tenderness Lillian aressed the unconscious trifle, and then, lifting it to her lips, kissed it fondly.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Beadle and Company, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"No, Mr. Clavering, I will not allow you to mention that little romance of mine," and she laid her fingers over his lips.

"Harry! Harry! you never will know how it is killing me to give you up; and yet -I shall do it!"

She removed the ring from her finger that Harry Gordeloup had placed there a year before, and tied it with a little black ribbon to a packet of letters addressed to him.

Then she laid the picture thereon, far down, that she might not meet the eyes that seemed following her wherever she went, and rung the bell for a servant to beg Mr. Gordeloup to await Miss Rothermel in the

She was intensely pale, and there seemed to her to be a telltale imp in her eyes as she gazed back at them; but Lillian Rothermel was a brave woman, and a determined woman, whose will wrought wondrous results; so that when she went down the broad stairs, she was tranquil, radiant, and graceful as ever.

> CHAPTER II. CAST ADRIFT.

Mr. Gordeloup met her at the foot of the stairs.

"I heard your step, Lillian; as if I could not tell it from any woman's in the world!" He drew her arm in his, bending his head to kiss her forehead, as they entered the

great, dim parlor. Harry, go sit there by the window while I talk to you. Have you a few minutes to

She smiled brightly at him. "To spare for you, Lillian! You know my entire life is at your disposal." He seated himself closely beside her, in-

stead of occupying the chair by the window that Lillian had pointed out. With tender affection, Harry took one of her hands, and asked what favor he could

Then, with a calm quiet in her voice, and her eyes firmly meeting his own, she told him why she had appointed the interview. 'Harry, I want you to promise me you

will not hate me, because I am going to reak our engagement-" Gordeloup sprung to his feet in the suddenness of this revelation.

"Break our engagement!"
She smiled calmly at his flushed face; his eyes, that held such a questioning, surprised light in them.

I am too poor, Harry, to allow you to be burdened with me; you are obliged to earn your living; what would we do?"

He was standing perfectly still, earnestly regarding her witching face, his own wearing an expression of bewildered amazement.

"Lillian, dearest, what does this mean? You knew a year ago my financial condition, and I yours."

"That is true; and because I think it best for us both, I shall release you from your engagement to me.'

A wounded look was in his face now, but Lillian would not see it-or seeing, would take no visible notice of it.

'Lillian, if you have ceased to love me-' She involuntarily exclaimed some inaudible sound, that to Harry's ears was a denial. "Then, my own Lillian, if you have had no cause to dislike me, we will banish this dismal subject, and I will forget that you said

you desired to release me. Besides, Lillian," and he lifted her chin and kissed her red ips, "I am very sure I'd not be thrown over A little shiver ran through Lillian's veins what a pitiless task was hers, to tell this lov-ing, trusting man, who had confided to her the guidance of his life, who looked to her

for all happiness, that she was going to give him up; deliberately reject him because a richer man had offered a higher price for her beauty! How she despised herself, as she waited the one moment before she cruelly unde-ceived him; and above the contempt she felt for herself, the pity she experienced for him, was the tearing, crushing agony of the knowledge that she worshiped this man,

who was to her a very god. And yet, with strange inconsistency, she would not let herself be happy in his love; would seek her joy in the wealth and influence she would obtain when she became Edward Clavering's wife, and mistress of

Fernleigh, where she had been only a hired companion to Miss Amy Clavering. Here, under this very roof, Lillian Rothermel had met Harry Gordeloup; under the auspices of Mr. Clavering and kind-hearted Miss Amy, their courtship had thriven apace, until, dazed by her beauty, her stylish elegance - shall we acknowledge, by her consummate artfulness?—Mr. Clavering had suddenly proposed for her hand, with a full knowledge of her engagement to Harry

Gordeloup. Well-we have learned the result of that proposal to Lillian Rothermel, who, in the moment of silence that intervened as she sat there with her lover's arm around her, had thought rapidly of all these things.

Perhaps her indomitable will failed her

for that moment; the next, and she was ready for the cruel deed. "Harry, you misunderstood me. Let me be plain, if I necessarily be harsh. Remember, I- in short, Harry, I am going to marry Mr. Edward Clavering.

Her tones never varied from their low, steady cadence; her cheeks did not flush or pale; her eyes looked Harry quietly in his Harry dropped her hand and confronted

her, a stormy anguish in his eyes.

Lillian! you surely are but trying the depth of my love for you! You marry Edward Clavering! Why, dearest, he is old enough to be your father! Lillian, how foolish I was to be so frightened.'

She did not return the tender, wistful, yet withal doubtful smile that parted his lips, and when she spoke, her hard, heartless tones rung a knell to Harry Gordeloup's

"I repeat, I release you because I wish to marry Mr. Clavering. I have quite decided that to be mistress of Fernleigh is preferable to struggling on, on an income of two thou-

A sudden cry of horror came from

Harry.

"Lillian! for money you will deliberately break my heart and ruin my prospects!
Oh, Lillian, do unsay those wicked, mercenary words!"

She swiled in his rule, except face.

She smiled in his pale, eager face.

"For money, as you say, Harry, I will do it. But, don't talk about your heart breaking—it is as strong as mine, is it not?"

Oh, Lillian! Lillian!" It was all the reproach he made, but the tone in which he uttered the name was inexpressibly touching and pitiful.

expressibly touching and pitful.

"Besides," she went on, as she carelessly, almost gayly tapped her fingers against the little package she had brought down for him, "as to ruining your prospects by refusing to share them, I think you are just enough to acknowledge I would only be a burden. Again, accustomed as I am to the luxury and ease of my life at Fernleigh, I fear I should be very unwilling to resign it. fear I should be very unwilling to resign it

"For the terrible position of the wife of a man you disliked because he was in only moderate circumstances. Harry had interrupted her with sharp, unnatural voice, and she wondered if it really

could be gay Harry Gordeloup who spoke so But it was better that he should feel angry;

better than that wounded grief he had at first displayed. We will not discuss this point further. Here are your letters and picture; of course I wish mine. Mr. Gordeloup, you surely

will be able to appreciate my candor some day when you learn to regard Mrs. Clavering as a very good friend; when you return to your old-time love, and renew your vows to Winnie St. Cyr. A sudden, painful flush tinted his cheek;

then he bent his face to Lillian. "You remind me how you won me from her? Let me remind you why you have been won from me. Miss Rothermel, I accept my release. May you find in the wealth for which you barter your womanhood, the enjoyment you desire; but if ever aught should transpire to prove to you the

sin you this day commit, remember how I am made to suffer."

He bowed elaborately, and took the parcel from her hands, then walked out of the

It was all over! and Lillian Rothermel, with a gasp and a fierce pressing of her heart, smiled after him!

CHAPTER III.

A KNIGHT TO THE QUEEN. WHEN Harry Gordeloup went out from Lillian Rothermel's presence, it was with strangely commingled emotions; foremost and most painful of which was the know-ledge—so pitiful, so humiliating—that he had been thrown over, not for love that Lillian bore another, not for dislike that she bore him, but for money, money! Lillian had sold herself, and bartered him for Edward Clavering's broad acres and elegant

He walked along the roadside, hating Edward Clavering with a fierce sort of jealousy in that he had won his love from him; and he compressed his lips as he pictured to his indignant imagination, Edward Clavering's arms around Lillian Rothermel, and his lips touching the rare red mouth he had so often kissed, so reverently too; for he had not alone loved Lillian Rothermel; he had held her in a sort of tender worship—the chivalrous affection such men as Harry Gordeloup always bestow on a woman they love.

Harry was of a very strange disposition; he possessed a commingling of characteris-tics that were seldom met with; whether his life was made the happier by them—these conflicting traits of his—I question; but at the same time he was a man of true nobility of soul, as far as principle went; and those impulses of his were not intended to govern his life, although he too often allowed them to.

So much for Harry Gordeloup, hand-some, attractive and refined; and at the moment he was walking along the sunny road-side, that warm, clear day, very much wounded, angered, and insulted, he thought of Lillian Rothermel, her witching beauty nd dainty ways, and his heart sunk; he remembered the usage she had given him, and his cheeks glowed, and, almost involuntarily, another face—sad, haunting, pleading—rose before him. Then he realized how Winnie St. Cyr must have suffered when he went to her, so deliberately, and yet so kindly, to tell her he had learned to love another; would she give him up?

That was one of Harry Gordeloup's

straightforward peculiarities; to him it was less a wrong-doing to go to Winnie St. Cyr, and plainly tell her all the truth, than suffer her to go on loving him, and caressing him,

the while his whole soul shrinking from the duplicity he would enact, and crying out for Lillian Rothermel. So he had told Winnie—his bright, sunny

Winnie—than whom no truer woman lived she had listened to his story, and, with quivering lips and trembling fingers, spok his release, and gave him back his ring—the ring that now lay in his hand—that Lillian Rothermel had returned to him an hour

A great pang throbbed through his heart as he looked down on it; he was beginning, even so soon, to find the fruit he had thought so good, so sweet, turning to Dead

Sea apples, even in his own hands.
Lillian Rothermel was very lovely, very beautiful, and she had loved him; he knew that; he had loved her too, really, truly; as well as ever he had loved Winnie St. Cyr but now, the question would keep forcing itself to him, had he done well in transferring his heart from Winnie's tender keeping to Lillian's fair hands?—he thought, fair and merciless as the grave were those white hands, and that heart of hers.

He had walked more than two miles, through the warm sun and dust, before he

turned to retrace his steps. He could not get back to the city for several hours, were he so inclined; besides, why should he fly Fernleigh? he had not done this wrong; Lillian's was the blame, and he almost acquitted Edward Clavering that moment. She had won him against his conscience, perhaps, even as she had deliberately stole him, a willing prize from an-

No, he could face Lillian Rothermel just as stubbornly as she could meet him; he would go to Mr. Clavering and congratulate him; he would laugh and talk to dear old Miss Amy, and let Lillian see his heart was as elastic as hers.

He walked more leisurely as he neared the entrance gate at Fernleigh; he switched off the grass with his cane in a careless sort of way; he stopped and plucked a spray of late roses, and fastened them in his button-hole; and all this because he imagined

CHAPTER IV. AN OLD MAN'S LOVE

HARRY went up the high flight of marble steps that led to the hall, two or three at a jump—he remembered Lillian had reproved bim once, very merrily, lest he should make a misstep—through the hall, and, leaving his hat, cane and gloves on the stag's antlers, went up to his room to renovate his toilette and make himself fresh for the din-

But, with it all, what a dull, heavy, tearing pain was in his heart! He kept think-ing of Lillian all the time; thinking how he had lost her; how suddenly it had come to pass that he had no right to lay his hands on her bright hair, and look down into her eyes, until the rich color came to her

After he had arranged his dress, he sat down by the bowed shutters, to await the ringing of the dinner-bell-wondering what Lillian would wear down to the table. He always liked a black grenadine she wore, with no ribbons—only her heavy gold jew-elry; Mr Clavering had several times complimented her upon her appearance when she wore white, and blue trimmings. Directly a door opened opposite his—that was her room, and his heart sprung to his throat when he heard her skirts rustle over the vel-

vet carpeting.

He heard her walk to the banister, ar then, after a silence, call, in a clear, high

"Carman "-Carman was the footman-"will you send some one to repair the bell-rope in my room? and just step to the li-brary and tell Mr. Clavering I will see him in a few minutes

Then she walked back past his door, humming an air from "Les Brigands"—ah! Harry had taken her down only a week before to hear that very opera!

How heartless she was! how utterly heart-

He forgot how he came up the walk from the gate; how he had picked the white roses—had it been only accidental?—the only kind of flowers Lillian had expressed

a dislike for. So she was going down to tell Mr. Clavering, he supposed, that she loved him so dearly and would accept his offer—not of gold and lands and sixty-five years of life—

but his heart, and hand, and protection.

Of a sudden, he resolved to go downstairs; to the library, and see her when she
came in, in all her beauty and regal grace. With him to think was to act; he threw open his door, began whistling the same aria Lillian had sung, and then went leis-

urely down the stairs.

The library door was wide open—a sort of mute invitation it seemed to him to her up-stairs to enter-but he went boldly in, up to Mr. Clavering, who was reading in his easy-chair beside the long, velvet-covered

He glanced up—a little suddenly, Harry thought, but it was easily accounted for Harry drew a short ottoman from a corner, and threw himself lazily, and not ungrace fully, upon it.

You can spare me a few moments, Mr. Clavering? I am aware you expect Miss Rothermel in a short time, but what I want to say can be said before she comes. He waited a moment, looking at the slight

expression of momentary discomfiture on the old gentleman's face. "Yes, Harry, I know why you seek me before Lil—Miss Rothermel comes. I know I have taken her from you, my boy, and, viewed in some lights, I think it was a decidedly unfriendly thing. But, just bear this in mind, Harry, I am an old man, and she is the only woman who ever moved my heart to love. You are young, with a long

heart to love. You are young, with a long life ahead of you, and you can take your choice from a hundred who never would look at an old man like me."

"But you forget, that, added to your personal attractions, Mr. Clavering, is all

Harry waved his hand, indicating the wealth that surrounded him, both inside and Mr. Clavering's cheeks flushed indignant-

ly.
"You would insinuate that she would marry me for my riches? You must not let your natural disappointment make you scan-

A little contemptuous smile curled Harry's lip, but he would not tell the old man man? But, Lillian! beautiful Lillian, I love that Lillian did intend to marry him for his you—I certainly love you better than all the

money, and nothing but his money. No, she was lost to him, and Mr. Clavering might find it out himself how bitter his mis-

take had been.

"To prove to you how mistaken you are, Harry, my boy, I will whisper a secret to you. I have made my will this very day, before I know her answer—though I can guess it—leaving to Lillian Rollermel, in the event of my rejection, five thousand dollars a year as long as she lives; and to my wife, if I marry, just double that sum, besides some of the estate."

Harry slowly raised his eyebrows; and then a horrible, hellish thought flashed through his mind.

through his mind.
What if Mr. Clavering should die, and Lillian be free?

He almost cursed himself the next moment for it; yet there was a red gleam on his face as he arose and went toward the

You see, Harry, how much I love her. You young men that can fancy every pret-ty face, and would marry the first handsome girl who'd have you, know nothing of the love of the old man's heart. And, Harry, I'll give you a check for five thousand dollars to compensate.

But Harry was gone; he had not heard the offer, almost insulting in its inconsist-

CHAPTER V.

THRUST FOR THRUST.

BEFORE Harry Gordeloup had reached the door of the library that led to the hall, a faint, sweet fragrance heralded Lillian Rothermel's approach. He gave a sudden start, and then fiercely steeled himself for the brief sight of her.

He saw her first; for her queenly head was bowed and her fingers were deftly fast-ening a cluster of geranium leaves and sev-

eral carnation pinks, to her bodice.

Harry stood still, watching her; looking at the trailing white puffed dress, with a

Lillian might be peeping at him from some closed lattice!

He was a little conceited—we all are—and proud, and he resolved to fight it through with those weapons.

wast; a blue ribbon and white lace back in her purple-black hair.

Then she raised her head slowly, with a smile hovering on her lips; she saw him, and the smile froze to an expression of surprise. But there was not a vestige of embarrassment in her manner, appearance or lan-

guage.
"Oh, Mr. Gordeloup! I suppose Mr. Clavering is in the library? How delightfully cool the air is growing."
So ladylike, so utterly forgetful! and yet there was a latent glow in her black eves, and a deeper bloom on her cheeks than

But Harry thought, in the second he stood without answering, it was natural, under "Yes, it will be pleasant this evening, I think. You will find the old gentleman in

the library."

He would have passed on, but she stretched out her arm—oh, how exquisite it was! with the open sleeve falling away above the

'How is this to be? Are you angry with me? I am very sure I am not with you."

There was the same luring melody in her voice that had taught him to forget Winnie St. Cyr; the same, no doubt, that had won the wealth of Edward Clavering. How he

hated it, when he heard it, and knew it was for him no more Angry? No. Miss Rothermel, I will There came a quick, angry gleam to her

Because I have done what was best, you insist on this haughty coldness? We might as well be friends—at least while we remain in the same house. "I will not trouble the old man's house long, Miss Rothermel. After it passes into

hands, rest assured I shall, never. He was getting the best of her. They both knew that, every moment they stood there. Harry thought of it, with a proud anguish-for he loved her yet, in a vague, hateful way.

She realized it with wrath, that she had

depended on her olden power over him, and

depended on her olden power over him, and had failed so signally.

"When it passes into my hands, as you say, you will be afforded no opportunity to trouble Mr. Clavering and myself. As it is, I think when you learn Miss St. Cyr is hourly expected, you may alter your arrangements."

Harry knew by her bitterly sarcastic manner, that she expected him to be crushed, discomfited by the mention of that name; plainly as though she had declared her tactics, he knew she intended to drive him from Fernleigh, before Miss St. Cyr came, as a punishment for his ascendency over her; and because she thought he would blush to

But, Harry was equal to the occasion; he forced a sudden surprised light to his eyes.
"Is that so? I would not miss seeing Winnie for all the attractions outside Fern-

Lillian bit her lip; he was so invulnerable
—he even called her "Winnie!" and how unspeakably handsome he was-and, how she worshiped him that very moment!

Her jealousy—poor, weak woman that she was, then came flaming to her lips.

"I dare say there will be no trouble in renewing the old relations. Perhaps you will

crawl back to her?"
"Perhaps," he said, lightly, and turned on his heel, and left her standing there, utterly routed—defeated.

She compressed her lips so tightly that the blood receded, leaving them white and ghastly; a dull underglow of red was shin-ing through the dusk of her eyes; then, no sound escaping her, she went on into the li-brary; her face returning to its customary aristocratic delicateness and sweetness of expression.

CHAPTER VI.

A WOMAN'S ART. LILLIAN glided softly in, so noiselessly

that the old gentleman did not hear her. She laid her soft, warm hands on his eyes, nd then laughed.

Mr. Clavering threw down the volume, and took her hands in his own, looking

"And this is my answer, Lillian?"

"If you can interpret it—yes."

He let go her hands, and drawing her earer him with his arm around her slender waist, kissed her cheek.

"I am not versed in the art of love-making, Lillian, but if the remainder of my days be devoted to your happiness, surely you will forgive the awkwardness of an old man? But, Lillian! beautiful Lillian, I love world beside. And do you love me? can it be possible that you, so young, so charming,

She bent on him a look of mingled ten-

derness and reproach.

"Mr. Clavering, you do me injustice to harbor the possibility of such a thought. What better proof can I give of my respect and affection than by vowing to become

and affection than by vowing to become your wife?"

"None! none! Then you are my betrothed, Lilian? And I may name an early day, a very early day, for our marriage?"

"That decision may rest with you, Mr. Clavering. I am ready at any time."

"Because I want to see you the mistress of Fernleigh, Lillian—miserably poor return, though, it is for all your goodness to me—because I often am so lonely and cheerless, do I want you my darling." do I want you, my darling."
She smiled brightly.

"You will not have an opportunity of indulging in gloom when I shall have taken possession of you."

Her fondness seemed to touch his heart. "Your womanly tenderness is such a

prize. Lillian, do you know my heart aches for poor Harry—"
But she laid her fingers over his lips.

"No, Mr. Clavering, I will not allow you to mention that little romance of mine. Suffice it, that Mr. Gordeloup and I are entirely contented with the change of programme. Now, you will remember? or I shall show you still further what a terrible despot I am."
He kissed her hand caressingly

"I never knew before how delicious a government a despotism could be. Then I've another command to issue. Will you agree to do what I request, blind-

'Blindly, my tyrant." "Then," she said, dropping her bantering tone, and assuming one of kind, thoughtful seriousness, "it is regarding Miss St. Miss Amy told me, at lunch, she would be here to-day, very probably, and I see, from wide blue silken sash knotted about her waist; a blue ribbon and white lace backe in will be thrown very much together. I feel afraid Miss St. Cyr will endeavor to accompany of the old relations between plish a renewal of the old relations between herself and Mr. Gordeloup. Now, I think it would be a wise arrangement; although I have learned from Miss Amy that you desire Winnie to marry Mr. Alvanley—that you never approved of her engagement to

Harry."
"Yes, that is true; Winnie has really "Yes, that is true; Winnie has really and the since she been promised to Lester Alvanley since she was a child. I desire that match above all

There came a sparkle to Lillian's eyes,

There came a sparkle to Lillian's eyes, that Mr. Clavering could not see; but her voice was just as gentle as ever.

"Then, since you wish it, dear Mr. Clavering, it shall be my purpose to have you obeyed—as it shall ever be my duty and pleasure to do."

Mr. Clavering smiled, delightedly.

"Do this, my Lillian, and I will never forget it! Make it your business to acquaint Winnie with my wishes; tell her I will dower her nobly the day she marries Lester Alvanley. Only, Lillian, dearest, there must be no coercian, you know. I love the child far too well to force her into a distasteful marriage."

a distasteful marriage."
"That would be terrible! No, Mr. Clavering, she must exercise her own will; my duty shall consist in convincing her judg-

"Exactly; I will telegraph to Alvanley to come down for a month, and also talk to Harry about it. Harry's a fine fellow, Lillian; I wonder you could give him up for—" Again the little white hand went playfully You don't remember, sir. Once for all,

be compared with you!"

Her face was turned toward the open self disguised," Jimmy said, with a knowwindow, but the tones declared the com-

parison in her suitor's favor. But those eyes-those dusk-red eyescould Mr. Clavering have read their secrets he would not have been flattered. Suddenly Lillian concentrated her gaze

upon a carriage driving up the road.
"It is the Fernleigh coach, Mr. Clavering -yes, I see there is a lady within. Miss St. Cyr, I presume. Now, I will go see if her room is all ready. I will meet you at dinner, Mr. Clavering

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her; when she turned to go away, a superb cluster diamond ring was blazing on her fore-finger. She raised it to her lips, and with a smile at him, she hastened up to her room, and from the broad shutters looked down on the young girl as she alighted from the coach; a strange, strange surveillance it was, too!

(To be continued.)

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK, DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC. CHAPTER X.

THE ROAD-AGENTS. THE branches of the pines clouded in the canyon, from their precarious footholds far up on the cliff-tops; they surged wildly in the ever-constant breeze that swept down

along the valley. On a level with the rude path which wound through the canyon, was a dark, ugly cavity in the side of the cliff, some six feet high by three wide. It was as if by some sudden and terrible convulsion of ma-

ture, the massive rock had been forced open. One, pausing and looking with curiosity into the dark cavity, would have seen that the opening only extended in some ten feet, yet this dark cavity, apparently barred by massive rocks beyond, was the entrance to the cave which served Overland Kit and his band of road-agents for a head-quarters.

The cave itself was some twenty feet square. Through a hole in the roof, as big cound as a barrel, came a stream of light which dimly illuminated the cavern.

Three rude couches of fragrant pine branches, over which were spread folded blankets, and a few cooking-utensils, comprised the furniture of the robbers' retreat. In one corner stood two horses. The road-agents and their steeds shared the same

Extended on the fragrant couches lay two brawny men. Their rough appearance the revolvers strapped to their waists, and their general look told that they were members of Overland Kit's notorious band. 'Bout time for the cap'n, isn't it?" asked

the taller of the bandits, who answered to

the taller of the bandits, who answered to the name of Joe Rain.

"Yes," replied the other, who was called Jimmy Mullen.

"We had a pretty narrow squeeze last night; the blue-coats came within an ace of gathering us in. I thought that the captain was done for, sure."

"There's an old saying, you know, about the man who is born to be hanged—" replied Jimmy, significantly.

"Yes, exactly; that applies to us, too, it strikes me." strikes me"

"We're all in the same boal. We'll have
to keep our eyes skinned now, for the hull

ountry will be arter us. I s'pose the cap'n has gone to see what new dodge is up."
"Yes; I don't think, though, that all the soldiers between here and the Missouri river will be able to hunt us out of this hole."
"Your head's level than!" exclaimed

Jimmy. "This is the snuggest hiding-place in all the Reese river valley." "The cap'n diskivered it hunting arter a

b'ar, didn't he?" Joe asked.
"Yes; he wounded the critter in the canyon an' he run in hyer; the cap'n's blood were up an' he follered him in. Not being able to find the critter in the cleft of the rock, he, naturally, came to the conclusion that Mr. B'ar had a hole inside, somewhar', which he had crept into. He had some matches in his pocket, so he jist struck a light and proceeded to examine. Sure enough, he found the hole which leads in hyer. 'Twan't half as big then as it is now, for when the cap'n selected this for a headquarters, he saw at once that he would have to have some place to keep the hosses, in case the soldiers were clus' at our heels any time when we run into the canyon. jist set to work with a pick and made the hole big enough to get a horse through.
Why, it would puzzle Old Nick himself to
smell us out now. The hosses' hoofs don't leave any mark on the loose stones in the canyon, an' one would as soon believe that the animals had flown right up out of the canyon as to look for them inside of the

cleft rock beyond. They hain't hunted us much yet, but it 'pears to me that now they will go for us all they know how," Joe said, thought-

"Shouldn't be surprised," replied the other; "I think it is bout time to quit.
We've made enough already; enough to make us all gentlemen, East; why, we kin

live like fighting-cocks."
"There's a big reward offered for the cap'n," Joe observed, with a peculiar expression in his voice, and he cast a covert glance at Jimmy from under his bushy eye-

"Ware hawk there, pard!" exclaimed the other, guessing at Joe's meaning at once. "Overland Kit is like a weasel; he'll never be taken asleep, and the chances are ten to one that if he could be captivated, he'd get out of it afore they tightened the rope around his neck. It would take a derned sight more money than is offered for his hide now, to make me risk my precious carcass in attempting to take him. He's jist chain-

lightning with his we'pons."
"Who is the cap'n, anyway?" asked Joe, "There, pard', you've got me; I'll never tell you," replied Jimmy, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Hain't that a wig he's got on; and a false beard, too?"
"Well, they don't look very natural; you don't often see a man with jet-black hair and blue eyes, you know."
"What do work moves he weeks 'on What do you suppose he wears 'em

"To keep folks from knowing him, of course: it's a cute dodge. I've a sort of an idea that our cap'n amounts to something, else he wouldn't be so anxious to keep him-

ing air 'He's smart enough to be somebody, any-

"That's so, old man; you never said a truer word?" Jimmy exclaimed. "Hark!" cried Joe, suddenly, rising to a sitting posture as he spoke.
"What is it?" asked Jimmy, also rising, and laying his hand upon the butt of a re-

'The sound of a hoss's hoofs, coming up the canyon," replied the other. "It must be the cap'n."
The sound of the hoofs ringing out clear

volver.

pon the rocky way of the canyon, could be distinctly heard. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and at last, Overland Kit, leading his horse by the bridle, entered the cave.

Come at last, cap'n !" Joe said, as Kit placed his horse by the side of the other two "Yes," the leader of the road-agents re-plied, seating himself on the empty couch

What's the news?" Joe asked. "Bad; in a few days the whole country from here to Austen will be after us. Judge Jones has been stirring up the miners and the express company has put the United States troops upon our trail. They're

going to hunt us down, boys, as if we were What's to be done?" exclaimed Jimmy. "Vamose!" replied Kit, aconically.
"Levant, eh?" Joe said.

"That's our game: there's no use blinking at the truth. They will make this section altogether too hot to hold us. Sooner or later they'll track us here, and then the game is up; Judge Lynch will take a hand and we shall be strung up to some tall pines by way of ornamenting the land-

Well, we haven't done badly, considering that we haven't collected toll in these parts very long," said Jimmy, with a grin. We have enough, boys, to make us all comfortable. We can return to civilized life; try and be honest men again, although I don't know as it's possible for a man prosper on ill-gotten gains," Kit said, quiet-

Then our little partnership is ended, Jimmy remarked.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," Joe said, reflectively. "We've made some money, and with mighty little trouble." "Yes, and our gold is not stained with

blood; we have gone for the express com-pany and the rich men alone, and they're able to stand the loss. Now, we'll divide what gold-dust we have here, shake hands and say good-by. If we should ever meet again, it is perhaps better that we three should be as strangers to each other," Kit

Well, I'm agreeable," Joe remarked. "So am I!" exclaimed Jimmy; "for my part I'm going to get out of this part of the

the East. I've got money enough to make me comfortable for the rest of my days, and I think I've had all the rough work that I

want."
"You are acting wisely; and now I have a request to make," Kit said.
"Spit it out!" Joe exclaimed.
"The secret of this cave I wish preserved. I ask of you two to keep it locked within your breasts. Do not speak of itto any one. There may come a time when this place will again afford me shelter; no man can tell what will happen, you know. Will you promise to keep the secret?"
"You kin depend upon me, cap'n!" exclaimed Joe.

claimed Joe. "And on me, too!" chimed in the other.
"Good; that is all I ask. If you'll take my advice, boys, you won't go anywhere near Austen, and swap your horses off as soon as possible. Our animals are better known than we are ourselves. I don't know but what it would pay us to kill them outright and leave them in the canyon for

the wolves."
"Perhaps it would be the best thing to do," Joe said, thoughtfully. "A man's neck is worth a heap sight more than a

"Well, act your own pleasure," Kit ob-

"Well, act your own pleasure," Kit observed. "Now for the divison."

Then from under a huge stone, which concealed a cavity in the rocky floor of the cave, the leader of the road-agents drew some canvas bags filled with gold-dust. From his pocket he took a pair of small scales and weighed the dust into three equal portions. This done, he put each portion up in a bag and handed one apiece to Joe and Jimmy. The third he kept himself.

"That's settled, and now, partners, good-by; take my advice and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

The three then led their horses out of the

cave and through the cleft rock into the can-

yon.

A moment they wrung each other's hands, and then they parted, Joe and Jimhands, and they parted they parte my going north through the canyon, while Kit went south toward the valley road.

CHAPTER XI. JINNIE'S BACKER.

JUDGE JONES sat in the express office checking off the few articles of freight that had come by the coach on the previous night. Ginger Bill, the driver, was examining and calling out the directions of the

various packages. 'Jinnie Johnson, one box: Austen! Guess that's a new dress or some sich plunder," Bill remarked, as he held the package in his hand.

"Jinnie Johnson, one box, Austen," repeated the Judge, as he checked the article off on the way-bill. "And that's all."

" A 11 2" "Co-rect! mighty light coach last night, Judge; looks as if Spur City was bu'sted on the dust question."

'Dull time of year, Bill," the Judge said, quietly.

"That's so, Judge; things ain't as they used to was. Why, I've seen the time, right hyer, when nary a night went by without the biggest kind of a free fight. I kin remember when they used to sweep out. bout a bushel of eyes every morning in the Eldorado, that had got gouged out the night afore."

"Don't you think that it is better for Spur City that those times have passed away?" asked the Judge, dryly.
"Well, I don't 'xactly know," replied
Bill, reflectively; "kinder made things lively, you know; heap of fun them times,

"We're getting older and more civilized."
"That's so, Judge; I 'spect we'll build a church and have a preacher, hyer, afore an-

other year goes by."
"That's not unlikely." "Say, 'bout this leetle box for Jinnie ! I'm going right up to the Eldorado, I'll take it along with me," said Bill, abruptly, balancing the box on his broad palm as he

spoke.
"Well-I-there's some freight due on it, you know," the Judge replied, evidently not pleased with the offer.

"Why that's all squar'; I kin collect it; it's all right; I'll be responsible!"
"Yes, of course; but it is necessary that she should sign the receipt for it." There was a strange look on the Judge's face as

"I kin take the book right up along with me," Bill replied. 'I can't spare it at present," the Judge said, quickly. "But, Bill, you can tell Miss Jinnie that the box is down here and she

can come down for it, sign the receipt and

The driver looked at the Judge in aston-"Say, what's up, Judge? Never knew you to act so cranky afore. Want to see he little gal, eh? got something for to say

then I'll send it up."

Well, yes; perhaps I have," the Judge "S'pose I'd better not come back with

"It might be as well to let her come "All co-rect; a wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse," Bill said, sagaciously. "I'm off. Say, Judge, you ain't a-shinnin' up to the gal that runs the Eldorado, are you, 'cos I'm goin' for her myself, and you don't stand a ghost of a show alongside of

'For I looked in the glass an' found it so, The handsomest nig in the country, oh.'

Then Bill took his departure.
"I wonder what on airth the old cuss wants with Jinnie?" Bill muttered, as he walked up the street toward the hotel. "I cotched him the other day when he was eatin' his hash up to the saloon, a-lookin' at the gal with a pecooliar look on that grave-yard face of his'n. By hookey! Jinnie's struck a 'lead,' if she's got the Jndge onto a string. 'Pay dirt,' by thunder! Guess the old cuss will' pan out' well:

Oh, pretty Jemima, don't say no, and we will mardon't believe though that Jinnie will cotton to that old cuss, nohow you can fix

By the time that Bill had come to this conclusion, he had arrived at the saloon. Entering it, he found Jinnie, busy as a bee,

'Box for you down at the express office,' Bill said, in his abrupt way.
"Why didn't you bring it up?" Jinnie asked.

The old cuss, Judge Jones; objected; part I'm going to get out of this part of the country as soon as possible. I shall put for about it yourself. He wants to see you 'bout something. Say, Jinnie, I reckon you've struck the old cuss for all he's worth;

Den I was gone; clean gone!"" "Nonsense! Bill, you're always joking; but, does the Judge really want to see me?

'That's his platform and no beefsteak! Bat, say, Jinnie, don't you throw yourself away on an old cuss like the Judge, when Ginger Bill is around;

'For you'd make me just as happy as a big sun-

"I'll go and see what he wants." So Jinnie caught up her straw hat, which lay behind the bar, and left the saloon.

With a light step, she hastened down the street toward the express office.

An earnest look was upon her face as she walked onward. The words of the jocose stage-driver had put strange thoughts into her head.

Many odd circumstances connected with Judge Jones' manner toward her came into her mind. She remembered how, once or twice, when the Judge was seated in the saloon eating his meals—the Judge took his meals at the Eldorado and slept in the express office-she had caught his eyes fixed upon her with a peculiar expression shining in them. She had not thought much of i at the time, but now, she began to ask her-self if Bill had guessed the truth.

Entering the express office, she found the Judge alone, busy among his papers.

"Bill told me that a box has come for me," Jinnie said.

Yes; there it is; charges, one dollar." Jinnie handed over the amount and sign-

ed the receipt. 'I'll have it sent up to the hotel right away," the Judge said, a kind expression in his usually harsh voice. Sit down, Miss Jinnie. I want to talk to you for a little while." He brought a chair as he spoke and placed it by the girl's side.

Jinnie sat down and waited in silence.
The Judge brought another chair for him-

self and sat down, facing Jinnie. For a moment the Judge looked earnestly in the fresh young face of the girl, a strange expression upon his grave features, then he

"Miss Jinnie, do you know that the life that you are leading is a very strange one for a young girl?"

"Yes, I know it," Jinnie said, quietly.
"You are constantly brought in contact
with the very worst class that frequents our town-rough, uncouth miners-you can not be happy leading such a life."

"I must get my living some way; I have no one to look out for me," Jinnie replied, "I know that the miners are rough, but you forget, Judge, that I was brought up among them; by this time I ought to be pretty well used to them and to their ways.'

"Jinnie, what ever put it into your head to take the Eldorado?" the Judge asked,

"I don't know; I suppose because it was the only thing I could do here. I work hard, and I'm doing well, and there isn't any one in Spur City that can truthfully say a word against me." The girl held up her head proudly as she spoke That's true.

"Yes; after father died, I didn't have five dollars in the world. I was all alone, helpless, almost friendless. I sat in the little cabin down by the Reese after the fune ral, crying for father, for he had always been a good father to me; I felt as if there wasn't anybody on earth that cared any thing for me. I had a good mind to go out and jump into the river and die there, where father had died. Then somebody came in to see me. He didn't say much, but what he did say dried my tears right up, and made me know that father had speken truth when he said, after he passed in his checks, there was somebody up in the sky overhead that would look after me. I never was learned to pray, Judge, but, just then, I did pray, not with my lips, but way down

in my heart. This friend that came to see you offered you assistance, then?" the Judge questioned, a peculiar look in his stern eyes.

Yes, he did; but he wasn't what you call a regular friend; I had never seen him but once before. He told me that the Reese had taken one father from me but had given me another, and he was the other. Why, I don't understand how that could

be," said the Judge, puzzled at the words.
"It was true, but I'd rather not speak any more about that, if you please," Jinnie replied, a little embarrassed. Just as you please; but, go on with

your story; I am very much interested."
"Then he told me that he intended to look out for me until I was able to take care of myself, and he asked me what I thought I would like to do. You've seen the lightning flash, Judge, haven't you, in a thunder

The Judge nodded assent "Well, just as quick as that, the thought came into my mind to take the Eldorado. When I told him of it, he looked grave, but after thinking for a moment, he asked me if I thought I could run it. I told him I thought I could, and that settled the matter. I took the hotel, and you know the rest, Judge, as well as I do."

Yes; I think I can guess who aided you!"
"I don't want you to, Judge!" cried Jin-

CHAPTER XII. JUDGE JONES' QUESTION.

JUDGE JONES cast a long and steady glance into the face of the girl. It was evi dent that he was not pleased with her

"You do not wish me, then, to guess who your friend is?" he said. Jinnie replied by a single movement of

Do you know that I take a great interest

in you, my girl?" the Judge asked, a strange hesitation evident in his speech. 'I'm sure, I'm very much obliged, Judge,' Jinnie said, honestly.

'It pains me to see you leading the life that you do; something tells me to extend a hand, and try to lift you from it. Are you willing to be aided by me?" For a moment Jinnie's gaze sought the floor. In the eyes of the Judge she read the

full meaning of his words. You do not answer," he said, after waiting for a moment.

'I'm very much obliged to you, Judge, but I am getting along very well now," she re-plied, slowly. "If I should need a friend, why I'll remember what you've just said."

The Judge started to his feet and paced up and down the room for a few moments, his brow contracted in thought. Suddenly

he halted, facing the girl, and extended his

hands to her.
"Give me your hands, Jinnie," he said, in a tone that betrayed traces of deep agita-

Astonished at the request, the girl placed ner little brown hands in the broad palms of the stalwart man.

Quickly, with a feverish haste, the fingers of the Judge closed around the little hands. He raised her from the chair to her feet and gazed, with an earnest look, into her face. 'Jinnie, do you love any one?" he ques-

For a moment the face of the girl flushed crimson at the question. She strove to withdraw her hands from his, but he held

her fast as by a grip of iron. "You do not answer my question!" he cried, his lips trembling with a strange ex-

'You have no right to ask it," Jinnie said, slowly, avoiding the earnest gaze of

Perhaps not-perhaps not!" he exclaimed, slowly; "still, I do ask it. Will you re-

The answer of the girl was low but firm; no trace of hesitation in her voice. The brows of the Judge contracted at her

words.
"Then, if there is a man in Spur City who loves you—a man rich, holding a good position in the world, esteemed by his fellows-if there is such a man, and he should come to you and say: 'I love you; will you let me take you from the unwomanly life that you are leading and place you before the world, the wife of a wealthy man? what would be your answer?"

Firmly and promptly the answer came. "You will not change your mind?"

For a single moment, the Judge gazed into the earnest face of the girl; then he released her hands and turned away; walking to the other side of the room, he sat down in a chair, and placing his elbow upon the table near him, half hid his face in his hand.

Jinnie stood irresolute, not knowing whether to go or stay. The strange manner of the Judge surprised her. "Do you wish to say any thing more?" she asked, timidly

'No; I will have the box sent up," he replied, in a strange, unnatural tone. With a puzzled look upon her face, Jinnie left the express office.

The Judge remained for a few moments motionless, a dark look upon his massive face. Then he rose to his feet and began pacing, with a rapid step, up and down the narrow limits of the room.

"She loves him!" he muttered, in an anrry tone. "I read the truth in the crimson flush that spread over her face at my question. Shall he have her?" There was an angry menace in his voice as he asked the question. "Yes, when the Reese river runs backward, and the peaks of the Sierra melt like the snow that lies upon them in the winter-time." The Judge compressed his lips firmly, and clenched his hands nervousy, as though he held a foe in his grasp.
"His life or mine, ch?" A dreadful meaning in the simple question. "It must come to that, sooner or later. All the Reese river valley isn't big enough to hold both of us. I'll have him out of the way before another week goes by. It's strange what a fascina-tion there is in this girl's face."

Then the Judge sat down to the table and commenced to write. The words he traced upon the paper threatened a human life. Jinnie, returning to the Eldorado, met the lawyer, Mr. Rennet.

"Ah, by-the-by, Miss-" "Jinnie," said the girl, as the lawyer hesi-

"Yes, Miss Jinnie; can you tell me where I can find the gentleman who gave his room up to Miss Gwyne last night?" Rennet asked. "Why, does she want to see him?" nie asked, quickly.

"Well, I—that is—of course it would be only common politeness for her to express to him her appreciation of his kindness," re-plied the old gentleman, rather embarrassed at Jinnie's direct question. Bernice, that morning, had astonished the lawyer by the eagerness with which she had requested an interview with Talbot. In obedience to her commands, the old gentleman had been earching for "Injun Dick" all the evening, but without success

She wants to see him?" repeated Jinnie, thoughtfully.

"Ye—yes," replied Rennet, who couldn't understand why the young girl was so particular in regard to the matter.

"I don't know where he is," Jinnie said;
"I haven't seen him since last night."

"Can you inform me of any place where I would be likely to find him?"

Perhaps he's up in the Gully." The Gully ? "Yes, Gopher Gully; it's about two miles up the valley. Follow the river till you come to where a little creek runs into it then turn to your right; the camp is only about a hundred yards or so from the river. You think that I will be likely to find

"I don't know any thing about it," re plied Jinnie, with a shake of the head." But he's just as likely to be there as any-

And just as likely not to be there, I sup-

"Ah!" Rennet came to the speedy conclusion that he hadn't obtained much infor mation.

Jinnie went on her way toward the saloon, leaving the old lawyer in a rather puz zled state of mind. "Bless me! I wonder why she was so

anxious to know if Bernice wanted to see this young man?" muttered the lawyer. "I suppose that I may as well go back to the hotel, and tell Bernice that I can't find the young man. I don't think it will be of any use for me to travel two miles up this val ley, over the rocks and through the mud. It's ten chances to one that I shall only have my labor for my pains."

So, having come to this determination, Rennet returned to the hotel. He went at once to Bernice's room. He found the young girl gazing out of the window. Bernice turned eagerly as the old lawyer entered the room.

Well?" she questioned, in haste, almost before he had entered the apartment.
"I haven't been able to find him," Rennet

said, understanding what she wished to "Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed Bernice petulantly.
"My dear child, I have inquired all over

this delightful city, and no one seems able to

tell where he is to be found. I asked the landlady—that young girl, you know—and she said that he might be in a place called Gopher Gully, two miles up the valley, but the chances were that he might not be

Did you tell her that I wanted to see him?" Bernice asked.
"No; I didn't tell her so—that is, not until she asked me. She guessed it some

Then she would not tell if she knew!" exclaimed Bernice, impetuously.
"Eh!" cried the lawyer, in astonishment

"I can't—well, only a fancy of mine,"
Bernice replied, in some little confusion.
"Where is this Gopher Gully?"
"Follow the river up two miles to a creek; then turn to the right. "I'm tired of staying in the house; I'll go for a walk," the girl said, suddenly, ris-

ing and taking her hat and cloak. "Shall I accompany you, my dear?"

"I won't trouble you; I'm only going a little way," Bernice replied.

Leaving the lawyer utterly astounded at

her sudden determination, Bernice left the She followed the little road that led along by the river. Soon she left Spur City behind. The road wound along, flanked by river, rocks and pines. A man going to-ward the city came in sight. At the first glance, Bernice recognized him. The man approaching was Dick Talbot!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

In the Web:

THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS. A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EDWIN SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXIV. AT LAST.

ONE week after the death of Mark Blanchard, Blanche Davenant sat in her little rose-colored boudoir, thinking of the past, and wondering if ever Graham Cecil would come back to her.

Missa, dar is a gen'leman in de parlo' as wants to see ye."

"A gentleman? Did he not send up his card?" asked Blanche, surprised.

"No, missa; he sed as how you'd knows it wa' him, an' dat he's jest gotten home an'

has no cards. Blanche got up, glanced in her mirror, shook out the folds of her rich robe, and descended the stairs. Her heart was thumping wildly; she half suspected who the stranger was; and when she pushed open the drawing-room door, and stood face to face with Graham Cecil, she did not faint or exclaim, but simply reached out her hands and managed to say, very low and softly: "Cecil!"

They were very, very happy now, and it was not until nightfall that Graham Cecil joined Dr. Gibson, Tillie and her father at the St. James Hotel

Two weeks after, Graham Cecil claimed Blanche Davenant for his own.

CHAPTER XXV.

LIGHT ON THE PATH! IT was a beautiful October evening; the stars twinkled like diamonds in the soft blue of an autumn sky; the forest was all aflame with the glories of the dying year; and the smooth, unruffled current of the Cumberland crept toward the broad Ohio through a landscape, so lovely, that it would

be difficult to describe. Close to the water's edge walked Tillie Blanchard and Doctor Gibson. She looked very sweet and womanly in the rich glow of the twilight, and more mature, pos than when we saw her last, for five long years have rolled away since then, but more dignified, and I think a trifle handsomer,

The twain were talking earnestly as they went, and finally the doctor said

"Tillie, I have refrained from telling youwhat has been in my heart these many years, because—well, because I thought perhaps you could not reciprocate my feelings; and, although not naturally a diffident man, I feared a refusal."

Tillie did not speak at once, but continued to pluck to pieces the flower she held in her hand, scattering its bright leaves behind her as she walked on.

He expected a reply, however, and her si-lence piqued him some. At length he stop-ped, and, turning quickly upon his heel, looked his companion full in the face. "Tillie, have you no asswer for me—have I waited all these years in vain?"

She dropped the flower and gazed earnestly into his face a moment. Then the tears came creeping into the corners of her pretty eyes, one by one, until, in very coyness, she dropped the long fringe-like lashes down

and wept.

He could not understand this, and he said, coldly, "Do not weep, Tillie. There is no occasion for tears, I can assure you. I was foolish to expect you to love one whom you have only seen a half-dozen times in five I will try to forget this." She laid her hand upon his arm and ex-

"Don't! Oh, Bert Gibson, don't go on in that way. You are killing me with your

"I do not mean to reproach you, Tillie, Believe me when I say that I am only sorry you can not return the love I bear you."

He spoke very solemnly now, and grasped the hand she extended to him. They turned their steps in the direction of Tillie's house now, and, when they had walked a short distance, she stopped suddenly, and

"Bert Gibson, I have something to say to you—something I thought I should never be able to say again to any man."
He was about to speak, but she warned

"When I gave my hand to Mark Blanch-ard I loved him as few men have ever been loved—with a love that did not perish until there was nothing left for it to cling to. You know this. You know how wild, how passionate was ray affection for that man. You, too, know how it all ended. You came to me in my darkest hour; when despair had crazed my brain; when I had lost all faith in mankind. You have been good, and kind and noble to me."

'Tillie, I'm sure-"No, don't interrupt me. As I have said, you have taught me that all men are not bad, and, during many years, I have worshiped you as my good angel. When

you wrote to me that you were coming to Tennessee, on important business, I counted the days and the hours until you came; and when, last night, you told me you were going away, I cried through the whole night."

She burst into tears again, and Doctor Gibson folded her closely in his arms, and After the storm cometh the calm, dar-

There are bright days in store for thee "And, do you think, Bert, you can love me, knowing all you know of my misfor-

tunes? Your misfortunes were not of your own making, darling, and instead of detracting from your virtues, in any way, they have made you, in my eyes at least, sacred."

"And we shall never go back to New Or-

leans again?"
"'If you do not wish to go there, most certainly not." "Oh, I never do," she said. "I want to

live here in Tennessee where my happiest days were spent." "Then so you shall," he answered.

The snow lay deep on the ground and the branches of the trees were heavy with a wealth of crisp flakes, when Tillie Maynard stood by Bert Gibson's side, and took upon herself the vows of wifehood.

It was a pleasant wedding-party, with plenty of dancing and feasting, and, on the following day, the wedded couple started for Europe for a three-years tour.

Shortly after Bradley Turner left New Orleans he entered into a real-estate business, from which he realized handsomely and one year after he married pretty Mag-dalean Houghton, and is now a prosperous business man in New York city

Poor unfortunate Silas Norman, or, as we have learned to call him, Jack Ramsey, died in the Missouri State's prison only a few

THE END.

Fairy's Maniac Lover.

BY M. O. ROLFE.

"FAIRY, will you marry me?"

Jean Stuyvesant stood there with both of Fairy Somerton's hands clasped tightly in his own, looking down upon her pretty face with a world of wild, passionate love burning in his large, handsome black eyes.

'Fairy!" he entreated, passionately, "will you be

"Fairy!" he entreated, passionately, "will you not answer me? Will you be my wife, Fairy?"

Fairy withdrew her hands, and raised her eyes until they met those wildly eloquent ones of Jean Stuyvesant. "No," she said, softly and slowly, like one who is compelled to say something that gives another pain. "No, Jean, I can not

marry you."
"Oh, Fairy, I love you so!" She did not speak, but stood there before him, almost frightened by the wild, un-natural light that shone in his eyes.

"Oh, Fairy, do not tell me that you do not love me! For three months—three bright and happy months—I have lived only in the hope of one day calling you mine! Oh, Fairy, darling, do not tell me that I have hoped in vain!"

"But Lean I do not love you as your

But, Jean, I do not love you as your wife should. "You must love me, Fairy! You shall love me! I can not live without you!"

And he again seized her hand and kissed "Oh, Jean," she said, "I can not marry you; I do not love you well enough; and I—I am the betrothed wife of another

A weird, strange light flashed in Jean Stuyvesant's eyes, and his dark, handsome face became distorted with the intensity of

his mad, unrequited love. Fairy Somerton," he said, "I shall go mad if this lasts much longer! I shall go mad—mad, as my poor mother did—as mad as she did! You say that you love an You shall never wed another! No. No other man shall ever call you wife! You love Julian May; but"he raised his hand and swung it wildly about him, while a dark, awful look settled on his face-"but you shall never marry

him! "Oh, Jean," said Fairy, pale, and fright ened at his wild manner, "leave me now won't you? It will be better for us both." "leave me now Yes, Fairy, I will leave you now, if you wish it; but I shall come again. I believe I am mad already. Fairy, Julian May shall never have you. You are to be mine! mine! Ha! ha! Fairy, mine!"

Jean turned away abruptly, and was gone in a moment, out of sight in the shrubbery but Fairy heard his wild laugh still. She left the garden and went into the house, and up into her own little room to sit down by the window and ponder on the strange, unaccountable passion with which

Jean Strovesant had received her rejection 'I fear it is as he said; he is really in-

sane!" She disrobed and threw herself on the bed; but not to rest. Her slumber was broken by horrible dreams, and Jean Stuyvesant's weird, unearthly laugh seemed to

ring in her ears continually.

In the morning she received a note from Jean Stuyvesant. It read thus: "FAIRY:-I am going away soon. You will never see me but once again. Oh, Fairy, you will not refuse my last request? Will you drive out with me at three o'clock this afternoon?

I will be at the door at that time. Yours, "JEAN STUYVESANT." Fairy accepted the invitation with a strange presentiment of something terrible, which she tried in vain to put away.

When Jean Stuyvesant came, she watch ed him narrowly; but not a trace of the mad passion of the night before was visible He appeared calm and unruffled; and, somewhat reassured, Fairy allowed him to hand her to her place in the carriage and seat himself beside her.

The road led along the hillside. On one hand the hill sloped up rough and jagged, in bold relief against the summer sky, and on the other an abyss yawned darkly, its rugged, craggy jutting out here and there entirely obscuring the black stream which had its course at the bottom.

Jean drove slowly along the narrow. rocky road. He had only spoken once since they started, and they were nearly a mile from the house. The silence was oppres sive, and Fairy said, looking in a half-fright-

ened way up into his face: Your note said that you were going away. Where are you going?" a vall Jean Stuyvesant started from the abstract-

ed mood into which he had fallen, and said, in a voice awfully calm and emotionless: "I am going to heaven, Fairy! Did you ever imagine to yourself how heaven looks?" "Jean Stuyvesant, what do you mean?" she said, recoiling to the further end of the

seat. "I mean what I said," he answered. "I am going to heaven! It is a beautiful place, all paved with gold and precious stones. You shall go, too, Fairy-we will go to-

"My God, he is mad!" thought Fairy,

shuddering at the dread conviction.

"Yes," continued the madman, "we will go to heaven together. We will be very happy there, won't we, dear?"

A little further on the road turned abruptly

directly before the horse, which was nearing it at a brisk trot. The maniac rose on his feet with a wild cry, and struck the spirited animal a smart blow with the whip, causing him to rush forward with redoubled speed.

With a shriek—a shriek that rung through

to the right, and at this point the gorge was

the wildwood on the rough hillside, and was echoed and re-echoed by the huge bowlders composing the sides of the gorge, Fanny essayed to leap from the carriage. She felt a

heavy hand press her back again on the seat, and the madman said:

"Sit still, Fairy, darling—we are almost there. I think I hear the angels singing And he raised his whip and urged the

horse onward at a still greater speed. They were almost on the verge of the precipice. A moment more and the frightened horse would drag the carriage and its human load over the rocks into that black,

awful place. Fairy cowered down on the rug at the carriage bottom and breathed an inward prayer for mercy. The maniac's hand was on her for mercy. The maniac's hand was on her head, and he said, in the same awfully calm tones in which he had spoken before: We will be there in a moment, darling ! I see my mother beckoning to me at the bottom of the gorge!"

The horse was rearing madly at the very brink of the precipice; but Fairy saw it not, for she had swooned and fallen on the mat at the madman's feet.

He struck the horse another furious blow. causing him to spring suddenly to one side.

There was a crash, a loud, frightened snort from the horse, and both horse and driver disappeared over the rocks! Fairy Somerton was saved; but a wild, awful yell announced that her mad lover had gone to

As the horse fell, he pulled the end of the wagon up against the trunk of a great tree that grew far out over the ravine, breaking the thills off where they were attached to the axletree.

At the same moment the madman tripped over the dashboard, and shot down—down into that black, awful abyss! Fairy, lying motionless at the bottom of the box, was not thrown out-only badly bruised. When consciousness returned, she lay at the foot of the tree, and a young man was bend-ing over her, chafing her hands and laving

her brow with cool spring water. It was Julian May, her lover.
"Oh, Julian" she said, feebly, "where am I?" "Are you much hurt, Fairy? You have

met with a terrible accident. Was your "On, yes; I remember now, It was terrible!"

"Fairy, what do you mean? What was terrible?" asked Julian, as he raised her to a sitting posture beside the tree. "Oh, Julian, I can not tell you now! Take me home, won't you?" But you are too badly injured to walk,

you not "No," she answered; "only bruised a little. Let me lean on your arm, and I will try to tell you what an awful thing has hap-He assisted her to her feet, and found that she could walk with little difficulty. As she

ment, of the yawning ravine, she shuddered, and clung closer to her lover's arm. What is it. Fairy?" he asked, tenderly. And so she told him of Jean Stuyvesant's unfortunate attachment for herself, and his tracic death. You have passed through an awful

turned around, and caught sight, for a mo-

peril, darling," said Julian May, fervently, pressing her close to his bosom and imprinting a kiss on her pale brow." I thank God that you are spared to me, my own darling Fairy! He carried her home, and placed her in the tender care of her loving mother, and

then returned with men to search the gorge

for the body of Jean Stuyvesant; but it was never found. Julian and Fairy have been married many years, and have lived a very happy life; but she never hears the name of her mad lover without a shudder, for a thought of Jean Stuyvesant always brings back vividly the scene of her terrible ride that summer afternoon, so many years back in the irreclaim-

THANK YOU!

able past.

An order for a considerable list of our Dime Books, from a lady in New Ross, Indiana, is accompanied by this expression:

We are subscribers for your paper and will be so for life, for it is indeed a valuable paper, and should be in every Family Circle. I read both the Ledger and Weekly, but like your journal much the best 'Another lady correspondent, from Portsmouth, O.,

"I like the SATURDAY JOURNAL for its varied and interesting stories. I gave up my Bazar to take it, and, for a lady to give up her fashion plates, is a A person of no little literary celebrity in New En-

gland, writes: "Your paper improves with every number. It certainly is the best looking of all the papers." A school-teacher in Davenport makes the suggestion that, as children will read the popular papers, their parents or teachers should choose the paper

"I have carefully read all late numbers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL and find it unexceptionably good. It has in it not the slightest taint of what is forbidden or impure, and I shall, in all cases, recommend it to my pupils who will read romance and

"A mother of four children," writing from Lafay ette, Ind., subscribes for the SATURDAY JOURNAL to banish from her house other papers, which she does

not care to have them read. Miss J. D. G., now learning the millinery trade in New Haven, says she owes us a deep debt of gratitude for the strength she has received from reading one of our serials, which gave her more knowledge of the world and of people than a year's experience would have done.

Truly we ought to feel thankful for having won anch encomiums as these !



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munications, subscriptions, and letters on business,

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Dr. Turner's Great Romance!

We have the pleasure of saying to our readers that week after next (Number 73 SATURDAY JOURNAL), will be given the opening chapters of

BESSIE RAYNOR,

THE FACTORY GIRL. A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER. AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "MABEL VANE," MISSING FINGER," "UNDER BAIL," "FIFTY

THOUSAND REWARD," ETC., ETC. All of Dr. Turner's works are characterized by great power of narrative style, subtlety of plot and strength of action: but in no work from his pen has he shown more intense force and originality than in this new romance

"A STORY OF THE LOOMS"

it is; but something more. It is a mysterious life revelation, in which the humble and lowly walk, side by side, with the purse-proud aristocrat and the richly-dowered belle. It is

A STORY OF A TRIPLE CRIME,

in the shadow of which walks not only the villain with the red hand but also his coadjutor, who dwells in a princely home. It is

A STORY OF WOMAN'S LOVE

-of two women's love, where heart-strings are strained almost to breaking and the flood of human sorrows almost drowns the sweet life that lives to

suffer and grow strong. It is

And from it all comes that grand lesson which Fate is sure to teach every evil-doer-that the aggregate of each life is a compensation: Satan will claim his own.

A Strange Story of a Wronged Man.

It is one of the stories which is " read with breath less interest," and adds another to the series of literary triumphs which have served to give the SATURDAY JOURNAL such pre-eminence in Popular

Foolscap Papers.

My Old Friend

I HAVE been attached to many people in the course of my life, but the very oldest friend I ever had was Methuselah. I say this without joking. I first met him when he was an innocent youth of three hundred and fifty-eight springs, and at the time I met him he was engaged in trying to drive a couple of pigs out of his lot without opening the gate. When I suggested the idea of opening the gate to him he paused in the exciting chase, wiped his brow on his shirt-sleeve, looked at me in expressive wonder, looked at the gate, and said if that philosophical suggestion had been made to him early in the morning it would have saved him a great deal of hard work, for he had been driving these pigs around the lot all day. From that moment dates our friend-

As he lived in an age that has but few living representatives, a few interesting me-mories of him will be pleasing to my read-

Thusie, as we used familiarly to call him, you are aware, lived to a very great age, owing to a strict habit he had of never dy-

ing till the very last moment.

He never got so tired of old age that he wished himself dead, and it may safely be recorded of him that he never committed suicide as long as he lived, and was never buried until after he died.

He lived long enough to have the satisfaction of standing by the graves of all his

He once made a contract with a hotel keeper to keep him the balance of his life, from his fiftieth year, for the consideration of fifteen hundred dollars, but the landlord expired before the contract did.

He never allowed himself to be called the

old man, and never had the rheumatism in his bones, or at least he never complained to me about it, and his eyesight was so good that I never could pass a counterfeit National Bank bill on him, and he could tell a fly in his coffee as quick as any man, although his landlady did take it out with a spoon and say, "No, that was no fly, it was only a coffee-ground," but she couldn't fool him, he was too old for that, and had seen too many flies in his coffee.

He was always considered the oldest inhabitant in the part where he resided, and was (always, I think) many years older than his father.

He never could be induced to cast a vote until he was five hundred years old, for he always considered he was a mere boy up to

It was no uncommon thing for him to lie down and take a little nap twelve months long-it was hardly more to him than a night's sleep to us.

The undertakers never made a great deal by waiting for him, and his expectant nephews expected a good while and finally

gave up—the ghost. memory reached further back than any other man's I ever knew.

What hours could he have afforded to squander in sitting on the door-step of his love, looking at new circus bills on the fence, watching a dog-fight on the street, playing billiards, or waiting for a friend to keep his promise without any regard for the rapid flight of time!

He never had any need to be in a hurry If he had any bills to meet he could content himself with the assurance that he had plenty of time for it; indeed, I never was intimate with any one who had greater

cause to be happy.

In matters of dress he always adhered strictly to the fashions of his forefathers—a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, a standing collar, behind which he used to sleep in church, boots fashioned with an eye single to corns, jean pants made him look every inch the modern gentleman of the ancient school.

He was a boy of four hundred summers before a sign of a mustache appeared on his lip, and the fact worried him a good deal, as he had just begun to go out among the girls, and was as particular about a mustache I used to be.

He was quite old for his youth, quite short for his length, and very narrow for his width. He stood two feet in his shoes, six feet two inches from the crown of his feet to the sole of his head, and weighed when he wasn't very hungry two hundred pounds, Troy (N. Y.) weight. When he first heard that Horace Greeley

was going to swing around the circle in Texas he looked troubled and said he never had any thing against those Texas people. He was a man of the most delicate feelings and sentiments. He had the "oldest head" on him that

ever saw on anybody, and nobody could ever get ahead of him-he had none to spare-and he invariably looked down upon men one hundred years old as mere infants. If he had never stopped growing, what a tall man would he have been

He died merely because time had got tired of his exhaustless draw upon it—cut off untimely in the very prime of his life respected by all who knew him.

Sorrowfully, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

ON DIT.

Our contributors, we are pleased to learn, are al most all hieing off to "pleasant groves and pastures sweet," for their season of rest. Mr. Bartly T. Campbell is chronicled, we see by the Pittsburg papers, as being at Long Branch, "the guest of the man who owns the Pennsylvania Legislature." Mr. Albert W. Aiken has recently been "refreshing himself up in Connecticut and down on the Long Is and sea-shore, preparatory to his coming campaign with his star troupe, with which he doubtless will have a most brilliant 'run,' for he is as popular o the stage as with his romancer's pen in hand. Mrs. Crowell, though a resident of the beautiful town of Paterson, N. J., will throw herself into "fashion' currents" during the "visiting season," and thus glean new material for her pen portraits of fashionable life. She is a sharp observer, evidently. Eve Lawless is rusticating in Maine—a capital place in which to grow philosophic and critical! Mr. Morris has a very pleasant tour in prospect. "The print-ers first," he writes. His next serial is well 'under weigh.' Captain Chas. Howard lately paid the Great City a visit, finding it something of a contrast to his pleasant Ohio home. Mr. Whitehorn is me ditating a trip to the pen-al colony at Sidney; then to Gravesend; then to Chiselhurst, for material for his forthcoming great work on the "Amelioration of the condition of Men without Money." He is now, we are informed, in somewhat reduced circur stances, having lost the greater part of his familyfor the summer !-Our editors will "vacate" for a while during the hot term, but studiously keep to themselves the chosen spot of their sojourn for fear of railroad passes, which they are afraid to use in equence of the non-liability of railways for ac cidents to 'dead-heads.'

CONCEALED WEAPONS.

THERE is no practice more dangerous to the safety of the community at large, than the habit-unfortunately too common in America—of carrying concealed weapons.

By our laws it is a punishable offense, although it is but seldom the violator feels the rigor of the law.

The citizen who goes abroad armed with a "six-shooter," a bowie-knife, or a harm less-looking little "Derringer," naturally claims that he has a perfect right to go armed; he carries the weapon—whatever it may be—solely for self-defense. He has no intention of injuring or of attacking any body. Of course, if he is attacked, he claim that he has the right to defend himself. He plausibly says: "I do not carry a slung shot, a pair of brass knuckles, or a billy" "life-preserver" of the English rough "If I were to carry such a weapon as any one of these I have named, it might reason ably be supposed that I intended to attack some one—that I did not carry the weapon only for self-defense." But, why not? Why shouldn't a man carry a slung well as a revolver—a pair of brass knuckles as well as a bowie-knife—or a "life-preserv-

er" as well as a "Derringer?" The three weapons common to the "dan gerous classes," are really not as dangerous to human life as the weapons of the gentle-

The practice of carrying concealed wea pons is utterly, thoroughly wrong; the law against it should be strictly enforced.

There is not a day in the week, but a human life is sacrificed to the atrocious cus

The man who carries arms goes prepared for a quarrel; half the time, he is ready to provoke one. He relies on the conceal weapons that he carries to bring him safely

The moment a man conceals a weapon about his person, in nine cases out of ten, he puts murder into his heart. The means of death are ready to his hand. He walks abroad and meets a man, between whom and himself there is bad blood; perhaps only a triffing quarrel; the chance expre sion that, at any other time, unarmed, he would not have noticed, now serves him as a pretext to draw his concealed weapon and murder the man against whom he has an idle grudge. And, nine times out of ten too, the murderer escapes unwhipped of jus-

We are only stating sober facts in assert ing this, for in some of the States of our Union, such a thing as convicting a man of homicide for killing another in a quarrel, was never yet heard of. The men who compose the juries are fully convinced that, in a personal quarrel, a man has a perfect right to "defend himself," by using a con-

cealed weapon. Many a weeping widow and fatherless

child mourns the day when the husband and father buckled on a revolver to "defend himself with."

himself with."

The practice of carrying concealed weapons is but a scion of the murderous practice of dueling. The good sense of the world has abolished the one; can it not

frown down the other?

Even at the present moment, as we read of the death of one of our eminent poli-ticians by the accidental discharge of a pistol, it is stated that he was wounded by his own weapon. These few words fully express how prevalent is the custom of carrying concealed weapons. A prominent man, respected by all, living in a quiet country town, thinks it is necessary to bear arms for

A Fejee Islander making observations of our manners would be fully justified in thinking that our boasted civilization contains strong traces of the barbarisms of the savage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have drifting into our hands, a large number of communications and contributions which are in feasible, owing to their brevity or want of specific character, yet which, in themselves, would be of in-terest to a large class of readers, if a place could be assigned them. They comprise jokes, queer personal experiences, interesting incidents of home and school, adventure, descriptions of odd or peculiar persons, puns, items of information, etc., etc. To render these waifs available, we have determined to find space for OUR OMNIBUS column, wherein can be given all such of these minor contributions as seem worthy of print; and we therefore solicit from our correspondents, old and young, contributions to the OMNIBUS, which is their own ve hicle for getting before the public. Send along what is good, in the departments above referred to, and we will try and give them a hearing. Let each communication be brief, and right to the point. That is an essential to use.

A SERIOUS SERMON.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

TEXT .- "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth." To be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth is usually accounted a streak of luck hardly excelled in this world. It implies a

rich father who can provide for his offspring in a manner that lifts him above the vulgar and impecunious herd, placing him more or less remote from those who are compelled

to grub for their living.

The boy who chances to be born with an iron, or even a silver-plated spoon in his mouth always looks with envy upon the son of a rich father. He bemoans his own ot as a hard one and is disposed to criticise the justice and discrimination with which silverware was distributed in Fate's Grand Gift Lottery. He knows dozens of boys, or thinks he does, whose tender and unused gums were first made familiar with spoons of the cheapest material and rudest manufacture who were better entitled to the silver spoon than the spooney who drew it But it is one of the compensating peculiarities of birth in this country that the boy who comes into the world with no acquain ance with spoons whatever, may find him-self with spoons of gold in his manhood; while the one whose infancy is daintily fed with a silver spoon may grow up to be fed

In nine cases out of ten the rich father of to-day commenced life a poor boy. He is fond of telling about his early struggles with poverty, and the obstacles he met and overcome. He relates how at sixteen years of age he made up a little bundle and marched boldly and sturdily forth from his father's humble abode to do battle with the chances are, however, that instead of march ing boldly forth he stole away in the night
—ran away from home, if the truth was known. But as it turned out all right, no one is disposed to question how he got away from the old man.

Enterprise and industry, together with an ambition to do better by his son than his father had done for him, won the day, and the poor boy with the bundle becomes the man of many possessions. His sons are brought up as the sons of rich men usually are. They don't go barefooted as their fa-ther did. They are not kept from school to work. They can handle a billiard cue but not a hoe, and can pick out chords on a

piano but couldn't chop a cord of wood. No necessity for their making up a little bundle at sixteen and stealing away from home to make their way in the world, or make any thing else. If they did there would be a heavy reward offered for their return, and a slaughtering of the pampered uvenescent bovine when they got back But when these youths grow up to use ess manhood, and develop no ambition be yond spending money, then it is the rich fa-ther whines over the degeneracy of our young men. "'Twasn't so when I young," says he, "Boys weren't afraid to work then. Wonder what I would ever have accomplished had I been like my boy And then he brings out that inevitable bun dle which he made up at sixteen, or there abouts, and taking it on his shoulder, for the thousandth time, marches steadily forth in search of his fortune; crossing, on foot we don't know how many chains of mountains, and wading, we wouldn't undertake to

say how many raging rivers before he found Now, who shall say his slothful and pleasure-loving sons would not have done the same thing had they been reared as he or who affirm that he would have acted differently from them had he too been born with that silver spoon in his mouth? The rich father rarely takes these different conditions into account when he mourns a dissolute and spendthrift son. After rearng him in idleness and luxury from in fancy he wonders he don't develop those ad mirable qualities of industry and frugality

which necessity forced him to cultivate.

Don't be too hard on the rich man's son therefore. That he don't turn out well is as often the fault of his rearing as of himself. He couldn't help being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and the fact that he was renders him a subject for commiseration, frequently, rather than of reproach. Many a rich man's son who has turned out badly, might have risen to usefulness and honor had his parents been poor, no matter whether they were honest or not

LONG INSTALLMENTS.

The custom, which some of the popular story papers practice, of habitually giving very meager in stallments of their serials—thus to crowd in small detachments of eight or nine stories—is an error

which we usually avoid. Our general plan is to give liberal space to each serial running in our columns enough to satisfy the reader and to sustain the interest of the narrative. We present, in the course of the year, just as many romances as if we doled them out in mere driblets, as some of our cotemporaries do. Long installments give opportunity for the frequent starting of new serials. By constraining our authors to condensation and graphic delineation, we succeed in obtaining, in ten or twelve numbers, what, in other papers, would extend to eighteen or twenty issues. We give in the concrete what they give "in solution," and the readers of romance—judging by the favor with which the Saturday Journal is received—are exceedingly well pleased that our paper is "down on" interminable stories given in small doses.

Our Omnibus.

["Room for all and never full," is said of the "bus"; so we may say of this column. It is the "correspondent's own," open for all things grave and gay in prose or verse—news, gossip, anecdotes, odd stories of odd characters, and whatever has in it the elements of a pleasant paragraph or item of information. Only that which is comparatively brief can find place.]

From Jupiter Snodgrass we have this epissel: "Mi epissel shall be brefe. An anshunt filosyfer wuns remarkt, Brevety is the sole of wit. I respekt that filosyfer. He noo benes. I respekt enny wun hoo nose benes. I no benes miself sumtimes. I ofen wish other peple wood respekt that same filosy-fer wuns in a wile and sese for a time to bore an intelyjent public with there long tails. These peple I consider wun of the menny kursis of the human rase. I number sum amung mi frends. They introod upon yure valyooble time, & compel you by mane forse to lisen to funi storis a yard long in wich the larf comes in a way at the end, and then it don't cum .- storis wich in yure younger das yure fond granmuther instiled into yure fertil brane. O wood that they mite remember the maksim ear it is too

But befor I fill mi limited spase with mor-ralizashuns on the fraltis of human kind (on wich subjeck bi the way, I am at present engajd in ritin a lengthy volyum wich plese order at wunse if you want a coppy as I ex-pekt an imens demand, 75 sents & a stamp (3 sent) and dog chepe at that) I wil make a fu remark on the prinsepal theam of this epissel, viz. the omnebuss hoss.

The omnebuss hoss in his nativ stait is taim; only bi constent overfeedin and bein deprived of all eksersize either vocle or instrumentle, has he becum the feroshus, bludthirsty monster that he is.

Sum omnebuss hosses hav for laigs, but as a genral thing thay prefur to travle on 3, probly to save shoo lether.

The avrag mesyument round the stummik of a good helthy hoss of this brede is 15 inches, but I noo wun, hoo dide sumtim ago, hoos dimenshuns in this part of the boddy reched the startlin figger of 231/2 inches. But this was an ekstrordinary case The hoss had the dropsy, & had bin gorgin himself that same da on 5 otes, wich akownts for his bloted aperence. It was the latur wich pruved his ruin, and corzed his untimely end—livin too hi. He was never satisfied with the ordnary amount aloud to his felo hosses, but must daly stuf & cram his capashus belly to eksess. nateral consekins of his glutenes he was takin with the aperpleksy wile galopin galy befor his favorit stage, & fel to the ground a fomin corps. But for this wun failin he was a noble anymel; his marsters trusted him perfekly and mornd his deth as thar own bruther. He was 50 years old at his desese and in the prime of life.

Menny peple consider the drivers cruil hoo pursistently bete thare hosses on all okashuns, but I asyure you gentil reder, it is not so. The hosses engoy it huily. It improves thare complekshun, and hasens the dijestyun to a remarkeble degre, besidz keapin the body in a continooal stait of locomoshun, wich keeps down all nedeless flesh, and corzes there ribs to piktyureskly stand out, wich give them the aperence of the striped zebra of the sandy planes, thareby combinin plezyur with profit, a mennazyurry with a staje coch line. Hopin this litl theasis on the noblist of

all kretyurs contanes no aparent lys, I am afekshunitly yours

JUPITER SNODGRASS. Walters, the Chambers street lamp-dealer, evident-

ly has some queer customers to provide for. A late order from a town in Central Ohio reads as follows pleas lat me no wether i kin git dam tobs on dam pattent bornses i bot out Rakes & son set me the prise of dam if you kin sell dam witout the lamb i hat a gotel Cole for the borner wit out the lamb

you trule frent I___ C_ unter Sand me rite i mean the pattent cantel tob so it kin be pot on a clas lamb. [We may add, to assist in understanding the above, that "lamb" means lamp; "tob" means top; "clas" means glass; "dam" means them; bornses" means burners.]

J. R. G. spins us these jokes: Bob Young attempted to explain to his class the state of things in the Temple when Christ made a scourge of small cords and drove the money-changers out. 'You see," said Bob, "they had a whole

lot of things in the church for sale. "Oh, yes," said little Sam, "just like you once had in our church!" Bob is down on church fairs, now,

One of the Sandwich judges is named Ii; out, whether it is pronounced Big-I-little-I, Double-I, Eye-eye or My-eyes, nobody can

H. E. H. offers for consideration these combina-THE SONG OF SONGS-" Love is the theme."

Thou art gone from my gaze," "They bid me forget thee,"
But thou shalt forever "Live in my heart;"
Still I'll love thee," and will ever regret thee;
Fondly "I'll love thee to the last"—"Sweetheart."

I'm "So lonely without thee"—"We may be happy "Oft in the stilly night" I've "Heard a Spirit sing."
"Have patience till to-morrow"—in my heart I placed the floweret,
"Beautiful Hope" and "Hope from Sorrow takes the sting."

I'll "Bear it like a man," and "Not be broken But "What will you do Love"—" My little drooping flower?"
The "Smile of Mem'ry" stays, tho' "Those happy

days are gone—"
"Beautiful spirit, spirit of love," I feel thy power. "We've lived and loved together"—"These things

can nover die."

"My angel," "My own, my guiding star"—"I love but thee."

From the coming of the Spring, till "The swallows homeward il,"

My song shall be—"Pensez a moi, mon chere omie."

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms, and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the malis at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy;" third, length, Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to constributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

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We return as unavailable MS. by Mrs. R. A. Mc-K., reinclosing, also, overplus of stamps; "The Pretty Old Face," with editor's compliments to one who can so lovingly write of those grown old; "The Fatal Step," as much too long for the story it tells—a very common fault with inexperienced authors; "The Reported Report"—which is simply ridiculous—not worth the paper on which it is written; "Grandmother's Story," good enough for some youth's magazine, were not the whole idea stolen from Alice Cary's poem of the same name; "Prince of Bad Fellows," which, though decidedly striking and well written, is so tainted in moral that the author had better send it to some Magazines or Ilustrated Weeklies which favor such questionable exposes of human nature.—The MS. by May S. G. is much too imperfect for use, and the incidents narrated are too horrible to be read with any pleasure. No stamps.—Poem, "Happy Old Age," has several good stanzas, but two or three latter stanzas need "reconstruction,"—Essays (1), (2), (3), by E. K. (N. Y. City), we can not use.—Story by May H. M. is unavailable. No stamps, hence no return.—We return MS., "Turner's Inn." Author is hardly qualified to write yet for publication.—Will lay aside "Song of Songs" for Our Omnibus.—We return "How Jones got his Watch."—Shall have to say no to the Ms., "Nellie's Test." No stamps.—Poem, "Loss of the Oneida," not available. No stamps.

Peter's fingers, impressed there when he caught the fish to pay his tribute.—We do not advise any change in the name of the child. Let it be Peter.

Chas. H. S. Story not available, as before announced. *No stamps were inclosed for return, or

Chas. H. S. Story not available, as before announced. No stamps were inclosed for return, or MS, would have been remailed. Our orders, as expressed above, are explicit enough, surely: We can not make them more so; nor can we set them aside for the benefit of particular persons. All must abide by them, whether known or unknown to fame. by them, whether known or unknown to fame.

Miss P. C. B. We are sure Alice Cary wrote the poem "Uncle Joe." now going the rounds without author's name. It is a very dangerous thing for persons to claim the authorship of anonymous productions. We once heard of a city Bohemian who, at a large party, claimed the authorship of the novel, "Dead Letter," then making some sensation in literary circles, and the impostor, for a while, was quite a lion; but, when it transpired who was the author, the Bohemian was voted by all decent persons as a worthless scalawag. Moral: never claim what is not your own.

Herbert Herbert. Yes, swallows and other

what is not your own.

HEREERT HEREERT. Yes, swallows and other birds do return in the spring, to their hannts of the previous year. Swallows seek the same chimney or barn, and return, almost always, on the same day each year and leave at the same time, each fall. We have now piping around our country home what we helieve are the same quails which have haunted our fields for three years. They seem to know us! "Have birds reason?" you ask. We don't know what it is, if 'tis not reason, that guides birds in their movements of wonderful intelligence and forethought. See a paper in the Atlantic Monthly for July.

Mes. Heller B. of B. Ohio, writes, correlations.

Mrs. Helen B., of B., Ohio, writes complaining somewhat bitterly of the swindles perpetrated upon her by seedsmen. She says her flower-garden, prepared with so much care, is a downright failure—three separate plantings of the seeds proving that they were perfectly worthless. Just so; the experience of thousands, as we have before stated in this column. As a rule: don't set your heart on flower seeds unless you know who raised them!

Mary E. E. The use of monograms is still "in style" for writing paper and envelopes. German text letter is the prettiest for calling cards. To seent note paper with any strong odor is not au fail. Musk is simply abominable. Lubin's Extracts are best.

and it necessary to use violence to defend yourself, you are justified in doing so. If in the struggle you should kill him, the law would bring it in a case of justifiable homicide.

ALERT writes: "I am in love with a very pretty girl; she is an orphan, twenty-two years old; her temper is excellent; she is well educated and thoroughly domestic in her disposition; but, from stern necessity she has been obliged to take a situation inferior to her position. Do you bight her it

but be guided solely by your own judgment.

SCHOLAR. A is the first letter of the alphabet in all languages, except the Ethiopic, in which it is the thirteenth. In the English language this letter has at least four different sounds, as exemplified in the words, fall, father, fate and fat. An abbreviations, sometimes stands for the Latin words, artium and anno; as M. A. magister artium, master of arts; A. D. anno domini, in the year of our Lord. Among the ancients, A was a numeral, denoting 500, or with a dash over it, 5,000. In medical prescriptions, the small letter with a dash, a is used for the Greek word ana, which signifies of each, separately, or, that the things mentioned should be taken in quantities of the same weight or measure. In music, A is the sixth note of the natural diatonic scale.

E. C. T. asks: "Is there such a thing in the world as

is the sixth note of the natural diatonic scale.

E. C. T. asks: "Is there such at thing in the world as a river of vinegar? A fellow-student maintains that there is, but he has forgotten the location." The river of Vinegar is situated in South America, near Popayan, and it is called in the language of the country, Rio Vinagre. It takes its source in a very elevated chain of mountains, and, after a subterraneous progress of many miles, it reappears and forms a magnificent cascade upward of three hundred feet in hight. When a person stands beneath this point he is speedily driven away by a very fine shower of acid water which irritates the eyes.

ALCHEMIST writes: "Is it possible for any newson."

shower of acid water which irritates the eyes.

Alchemist writes: "Is it possible for any person to rule the planets, tell fortunes and bewitch another?" No; you may rest assured that it is not possible for any person to accomplish those feats. It was generally supposed that some favored mortals possessed such powers in ancient times, when people were ignorant and superstitious through ignorance. Science, however, has established facts and drawn back the vall that hung over many of the mysteries of nature, so that we are able to arrive at the truth in these matters, and all our knowledge thus collected goes to prove the fallacy of fortune-telling and witchery.

J. H. inquires: "What is the reason that the prince

telling and witchery.

J. H. inquires; "What is the reason that the nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland? A Scotch friend of mine declares that it is called so, but can not explain why." There are two reasons assigned for the nine of diamonds being called the curse of Scotland, namely: that it was on the back of that card that the Duke of Cumberland wrote the cruel order to give no quarter to the Scots who fought on the side of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, at the battle of Culloden; and that it was owing to a Scotch member of Parliament, part of whose family arms was the nine of diamonds, having voted for the introduction of the malt-tax into Scotland.

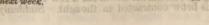
Agnes writes: "I have two suitors, one an officer

Agnes writes: "I have two suitors, one an officer of a steamer sailing to England, the other a gunsmith. They are very nice young men and I don't really know which I like the best. Can you advise me?" We are really afraid that Miss Agnes don't love either one of her suitors well enough to marry him. Let your heart decide for you. Find out which one you do love, and then marry that one. In regard to the respective occupations of the two, you must consider the advantage of having a husband always at home and the disadvantage of a husband half his time at sea! G. F. The secret of the ancient Greek fire is

CUVIER. "Father John," or Abon-hannes, is the name given by the Arabs of Upper Egypt to a bird which is supposed to be identical with the Sacred Ibis. In ancient times this bird was regarded by the Egyptians with great veneration, and was embalmed after death. It is about the size of a fowl, but with much longer legs, which are destitute of feathers. Head and neck quite bere, and of a jet-black color. Plumage white, with the exception of the quill feathers, which are black.

ALEX. The monsoons are trade winds that in eastern latitudes bow constantly six months in one direction, and in the opposite direction for the same period of time.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear







In the midnight watch, When Nature sleeps, Its eye I catch 'Mid the starry deeps.

When the moon is hung, And her silv'ry light O'er the world is flung, From her lonely hight.

When the stars peep out In the heavenly air; And the winds make rout With a wild despair.

When the forests moan
With their rustling leaves
In an undertone;
And their green arch heaves.

When the rain sweeps
Through the dreary glen;
And slumber creeps
O'er the hearts of men.

In the hour of night
I gaze on high,
To that star so bright,
In its home, the sky.

And as I lie
In the arms of sleep,
My dreamy eye
Takes a farewell peep.

Strange Stories.

THE STRANGLERS OF IND

BY AGILE PENNE.

As I lay on the low couch, rudely constructed out of bamboo-sticks, hardly wide enough for me to turn over on, a strange, peculiar perfume floated on the air and seemed destined to lull my senses to sweet

The perfume probably came from some blossoming shrub in the jungle near by, agitated by the gentle breeze that stirred the

Through the window I could plainly see the green branches swaying in the gentle

Night was coming on; the gloom was thickening over the plain and in the jungle. In the dim, uncertain light, the green branches seemed like giant hands, beckoning me forth from the hut that gave me shelter.

My screen were realized. I was in a wild.

My senses were reeling. I was in a wild, sweet dream of joy. It was a sort of delirious intoxication, produced—not by liquor, for I had only quaffed a thimbleful of brandy from my flask—but by the subtle, mystic incense that filled the air and held

captive every sense.

And now for a little explanation how I came to be lying in a lonely hut in the depth of a dense jungle in the province of Nepaul, Hindostan, in the year 1857.

My name is Edward Percy, a younger son of one of the best families in all En-

gland; my rank, lieutenant in her majesty's 10th Rifles.

At present, bearing dispatches from Brigadier Inglis, commanding at Lucknow, to Colonel Ashcroft, commanding the "Hill" Station of Khatmandu.

Although of course ignorant of the contents of the dispatches that I was bearing, still it was not difficult to guess their import. All India was like one great mass of glowing coal that a single breath of air might fan into a blaze, to extinguish which, would cost thousands of lives.

As the post of Khatmandu was up in the Hill country—so the region, lying under the shadows of the peaks of the Himalaya from all other military stations, naturally, in the event of an outbreak, the garrison could not be easily relieved if attacked. Therefore, I surmised that I bore orders for Colonel Ashcroft to abandon the position.

Now, the natural question is, what was I doing in the middle of a jungle, some fifteen miles east of the point to which my duty called me?

will explain. After crossing the Gundock river, not quite a hundred miles from my destination, I had pushed forward radly; made forty miles that day-it was terribly hot and I spared my horse all that I could; stopped at a bungaloo that night, and started at next daybreak, hoping to the fifty odd miles between that and Khatmandu by nightfall. My good gray mare was a thoroughbred, and game to the backbone, as fine a beast as ever was pressed by

"But the best-laid plans of mice and men oft gang aglee," and at four in the afternoon, when some fifteen or twenty miles from Khatmandu, my mare suddenly became I dismounted and examined the hoof, thinking that a thorn, perhaps, had caused the lameness. An earnest search

produced no thorn, however. As I stood in the little road, that was hardly more than a footpath through the jungle, surveying the horse and indulging in a few "gentle" expressions regarding the accident, a native—a tall, copper-colored beggar—came along the road. From him I beggar—came along the road. From him inquired where I could find shelter for the night. I knew that it was of no use to think

of pushing on, lame as my horse was.

The Hindoo conducted me by a narrow path to a bungalow in the depths of the jun-

The native put my horse up in a little shed in the rear of the hut, and said, confidently, that he would be well in the morning. Then he prepared supper for me. I eat heartily, and then a drowsy feeling creeping over me—which I did not wonder at, for I had been in the saddle since day. -I laid down upon the cane setted The Hindoo retired, apparently turning himself out of house and home to accommodate me; I was left alone to drink in the strange, sweet perfume that filled the air.

I had served three years in India, and had become pretty well used to the climate and the people, yet, in all my experience, I had never before felt the effects of the insidious influence that now seemed to be stealing my

senses away from me one by one.
Of course, I understood that I was very tired, that sleep was creeping over me, and

I closed my eyes, dreamily; but, though my eyes were closed, still I seemed to be able to see. A wonderful occurrence took place. One of the trees of the jungle, that had been waving its green arms toward me, trying to coax me out from the shelter of the bungalow, finding that its effects were fruitless, moved gently, with a gliding motion toward me! It quitted its jungle brothers, crossed the little open space that intervened between the bungalow and the thicket, then

entered the room through the window. It was not fancy, for I could hear the rustling of the leaves by my side, and then I felt their soft, dewy kiss upon my fevered fore-

Though I had witnessed all this with closed lids—the knowledge of what was happening around me reaching my senses without their aid—yet now, a powerful impulse came over me to open my eyes.

It was terribly hard work! Each eyelid seemed weighed down with lead, and sealed

for all eternity. But, at last, I succeeded. Slowly they opened to the dim, dusky light that surrounded me.

I had not dreamed; the tree stood by my side; I had felt the full, moist lips upon my temple; but the tree was a young Hindoo girl, with eyes black as night; lips red as coral; and a dusky skin so fine that it plainly betrayed the red blood leaping within the

veins beneath.

Had I been of the Moslem faith, I should have believed that, in my dream, I had passed from life and awakened in Paradise, with one of Allah's angels by my side.

"The sahib is in danger," the girl murmured, in accents so soft and sweet, that they seemed like liquid music.

I opened my lips to reply, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Some pow-erful influence, terrible in its subtle strength, forbade utterance.

I saw that the girl noticed the movement

of my lips.
"You can not speak?"

"You can not speak?"
Though it was the truth and I wanted to say so very much, I could not syllable even a simple "yes." I would nod it, then; but upon attempting this movement, I found that I had no more power over my head than over my organs of speech. The attempt was a failure. My brain seemed to be the only portion of me that was in working order.

ing order. "Can you rise?" she asked, an anxious

expression upon her face.

I strove to express by my eyes the utter impossibility of any such proceeding. I think I succeeded in so doing.

"You have been drugged; the sahib will be near death before the night is over."

This was pleasant intellegence to a more

This was pleasant intelligence to a man who couldn't move hand or foot. The cold perspiration burst out in large drops upon my forehead.

The sahib has heard of the Brothers of the Silken Cord? He is in their power. Achmet, the Hindoo who conducted the sahib hither, is a chief of the Brothers.

from the floor, and with slow and measured tread, bore me from the bungalow into the

As we passed under the green arches of

As we passed under the green arches of the hanging branches, it seemed as if the gates of the tomb had closed upon me.

Silently, with noiseless tread, they bore me through the jungle. At last we halted in a little opening; we had been following a narrow path, hardly discernible amid the luxuriant foliage.

The Hindoos rested the couch upon the soft earth. Then I noticed that one of the stranglers had remained behind, for only four besides the chief, Achmet, were now

A short time they remained motionless, apparently waiting for their comrade. At last, the chief began to show signs of impatience. He was apparently annoyed at the delay. Then into the opening, with catlike step, the other Hindoo came, a scowl

upon his swarthy face.

Briefly he told the chief that my horse had disappeared; at which all the band greatly wondered. As I gathered from their conversation, their high priest was some ten miles off and they wished him to assist at my death. As the horse was gone, Achmet dispatched the Hindoo on foot to summon the stranger priest.

summon the stranger priest.

Some few hours, then, before the end would come. The Hindoos squatted down upon the ground and waited with that peculiar, silent resignation so common to the Eastern nations.

The full, round moon rose slowly in the heavens as hour succeeded hour; its beams penetrated the branch-laced roof under which I lay, and the dim light lit up the little opening. All the nameless noises of the jungle rung in my ears with startling

The Hindoos remained silent and motion-

less as statues. They seemed more like brazen images than living men.

All of a sudden, as if actuated by a common thought, they sprung to their feet, drew their weapons and glared in watchfulness upon the circle of green that surrounded the opening.

My first thought was that a tiger was approaching; but a bright flash of flame from the jungle, followed by the ringing report of a dozen muskets and a hearty English cheer, told me that rescuing friends were at hand. Then around me shone the red coats and white havelocks of Colonel Ashcroft's regi-

presently emerged upon the street, further equipped with cane and cigar.

After sauntering leisurely around a short time, he seized the arm of a new acquain-tance and departed. A short ramble brought the pair to a large three-story house with closed blinds. A peculiar rap admitted them into a commodious, richly-furnished and brilliantly-lighted apartment, where a goodly number of men were "fighting the

Brighton threw himself before an unoccupied table, and called for wine.

His command was promptly obeyed, and while he was filling the chased goblets, a handsome and beardless youth entered the room and dropped into an opposite seat.
"You are punctual, Mr. Browneliffe," said Brighton, addressing the new-comer,

'I never break my word," was the re-

"I never break my word," was the rejoinder, in a melodious tone.
"If you drank, sir, I would proffer you the juice of the grape," resumed the returned tourist. "But, as you have refused my kindness so often, I will not press it upon you to-night. There, Williard, set away the flagons for the present. I know that Mr. Browncliffe is eager to handle the 'pasteboards'."

"And be kissed by the fickle goddess," supplemented the youth, with a silvery

laugh.
"We shall see," said Brighton, producing a pack of flexible ivory cards.

A minute later the game was at its hight. Young Browncliffe swept one thousand dollars from the table. Again and again the cards were dealt,

ver with the same disheartening result to Brighton.

At last he sprung from the table, and grasped his companion's arm.

"Let us go, Williard," he cried, glaring at his antagonist with bloodshot eyes. "'Tis useless—utterly useless—to play against one who is leagued with the fiends of darkness who is leagued with the fiends of darkness to beat me. I do not possess five hundred dollars to my name." These words were whispered in Williard Holcomb's ears. "Curse you, curse you forever!" he hissed, turning to the youth, who regarded him with a faint smile. "You had best leave the city. I don't know what I might do. Come, boy!"

Passing his arm through that of his com-

Passing his arm through that of his companion, Alphonse Brighton hurried from the tiger's den, terribly mangled by the

beast.
"George Browncliffe disappears forever



A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

The peril of my situation now flashed upon me in an instant. Often had I heard the story of the strange Hindoo sect, whose religion was to strangle all that came with in their power—who killed not for plunder alone; the rites of their religion demanded

human sacrifices. The English government had made vig-orous attempts to destroy the stranglers and had almost succeeded; still, some straggling bands of the Brothers of the Silken Cord as the murderers called themselves, still existed, although hunted down like wolves.

I, then, was in the power of the terrible
Thugs! the men who strangled the life

from their victims, with a silken cord!

I felt the girl had spoken the truth; I had been drugged. The subtle power that had robbed my muscles of their strength and paralyzing all but my brain, came—not from the scented shrubs of the Indian jungle—but from some drug administered in the food of which I had partaken. The pe-culiar perfume existed only in my fevered

Near to death!" Simple words but how

terrible their import.
"They come!" the girl murmured, hastily. "Gulnare will save the sahib if she can. The stranglers will not kill the sahib here, but in the jungle. Let the sahib pray within his heart to his God to aid the Hindoo

Then, with a bound as light as the red deer springing over the Scotch heather, she leaped through the window and disappear-

ed within the jungle.

The green branches waved like nodding plumes as if in joy at holding the dark-hued

eauty in their embraces.

The regular, though sluggish pulsations of my heart marked the time like the tickng of a clock.

Involuntarily I counted the throbs, the grim knowledge searing my brain that each throb brought me a second nearer to my If I had had ten or twenty years of life before me, this fact would not have af-forded me any anxiety; but when, instead

perhaps by minutes, the torture was terri A light step broke the silence; my hearing had become painfully acute; then into the room stole six dusky forms. The treacherous Hindoo, Achmet, led them.

The six ranged themselves around my

of years, my life was measured by hours,

couch and glared upon me with joyou At a sign from their leader, four of the Hindoos placed themselves one at each corner of the bamboo couch. They lifted it

the leader of the assassin band, were killed, outright; one was terribly wounded, and the other two escaped in the jungle, whose

tangled boughs forbade pursuit The girl, Gulnare, had mounted my lame mare, first extracting the thorn from her foot, which her keen eyes had detected, though mine had failed to do so; rode to Khatmandu and brought my comrades to

It was many a long week before I forgot the peril of that night or the Stranglers of

A Sister's Vengeance; THE BEAUTY OF THE ST. JAMES.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

ALPHONSE BRIGHTON had returned from an extensive continental tour, and was registered at the St. James, the aristocratic house of the Southern city.

Possessing a symmetrical form and hand-some features, and being, to all outward ap-pearances, exceedingly wealthy, he soon at-tracted considerable attention, which in-creased until be found himself the "observed of all observers.

Fashion's belles sought and obtained presentation to the new arrival, who lavished money and marked attention upon them without stint, and finally it was rumored that he and the fairest heiress on - avenue were soon to be wed.

It was love at first sight, Madame Rumor further whispered, and journalists prepared themselves to do justice to the approaching atrimonial event

Alphonse Brighton stood before his miror one balmy evening in June, arranging his silken cravat with studied nicety.

So the papers are going to have me wed Miss Hilliard?" he smiled. "Why, I never thought of such a thing! But, let them blow. It will only increase my popularity. I shall leave this city as soon as I accomplish the designs upon which my heart is set. I saw, this eve, the angelic inmate of room 39. Why does she throw herself in my path so repeatedly, yet refuse an introduction? Ah! she would elevate my admiration and curiosity to the highest, and then draw nearer me. Regarding her, the host and his clerks are dumb, and the register tells nothing. By Jove! I can stand this suspense no longer. I will—no, 'tis

too late now. I must wait till morning."
Having gracefully donned his exquisite layender kids, he left the chamber, and

youth, quietly rising to his feet; "but another, who will complete your ruin, Alphonse Brighton, takes his place. This night has witnessed the beginning of the end."

As the speaker ceased, he glanced at the dial of his tiny chronometer and left the

It was near day when the beaten game ster reached the hotel. As he stepped into the hall he looked at his watch.

'Xenophon must be at work," he mut-ed. "Now is my time." He walked hurriedly toward the further end of the corridor, threw wide a door, and descended several steps into a room where

was heard the peculiar and pleasant sound of the blacking brush. A multitudinous collection of boots filled a long counter and capacious basket. The apartment was dimly lighted by a candle, stuck in the mouth of a bottle, and behind the counter stood a spectacled African, busi-

ly engaged upon a boot.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Brighton," said
Xenophon, recognizing his intruder. "Ye've
come yerself, eh? I could't find yer boots, an' so I 'lowed ye'd gone an' went out."

"Yes, I have been out, Xenophon," returned Brighton. "You may shine my boots up when you have finished those in the basket. I am in no particular hurry. By the way, who is that lady in room 39?" "Who is she?" eigenlated the perro." "De Who is she?" ejaculated the negro. "De Lord knows."

Brighton was satisfied, nevertheless, that Xenophon knew. He quickly drew a "V" from his pocket, and placed it on the darky's brush.

"Now tell, Xenophon."

"Lord! how lib'ral," exclaimed the black, making the white of his eyes very conspicuous. "Who wouldn't tell all dey knowed, an' mo', too, fur dat? She am Miss Rosa Tremaine, from New Orleans. Her father was a big senator once; but he's dead now."

Is she rich?" "If dis city war nothin' but St. Jameses, why, bless yer soul, Mr. Brighton, she could buy dem all. An' I'se gwine tew tell ye suthin' else. She's dead in lub wid ye!" "With me, Xenophon?" cried the game-

ster, feigning astonishment. "Nonsense!"
"I t'o't yed talk dat way. But, nebberdeless, it am a fact. Haven't I spied her peepin' throo de blinds at ye?" 'True ?'

"As de gospel!"
Brighton believed his sable informer, and lost no time in penciling the following upon a leaf of his memorandum:

"MISS TREMAINE-Will you not receive an adorer to morrow? Piease answer by bearer.

June 23d, 186—. Alphonse Brighton,"

After committing the missive to Xeno-phon, with instructions that it should be placed in the beauty's hands at as early an hour as practicable, the following morning, Brighton submitted his boots to the brush,

and sought his chamber. "She will not refuse to see me," he murmured, seating himself at the window, to watch the first glimmerings of dawn in the east. "The conquest will be an easy one. And when I clutch her gold, having soiled her plumage, too, why, I'll leave her."

The morning was not far advanced when

Xenophon dropped the anxiously-expected billetdoux into the gambler's hand.

Miss Tremaine would meet him in her own apartment at two P. M.

The hour arrived, Brighton presented

himself, and, to all outward manifestations, produced a favorable impression.

Days waned, and the twain at the St.

James became inseparable companions.

Alphonse was entranced with her loveliness, and, when alone, vowed that she was too fair—too innocent, to destroy. But he did not alter his fiendish determination.

The wolf does not spare the lamb because it is beautiful and innocent.

Alphonse possessed the nature of the un-

He found Rosa Tremaine potter's clay in his hands. He whispered of the delights of the marriage state, and she accepted the offer of the vilest heart in Christendom.

At length the wedding-day came. It was

the beauty's desire that the ceremony should be performed in the spacious parlor of the hotel, and Alphonse, gloating over his suc-cess, willingly acceded.

A sultry afternoon in August found the

rich rooms crowded to overflowing with invited guests. The elite of the city thronged the hall, and all went merry as a marriage-

At length the momentous time arrived, The surpliced servant of God opened the book of church rites, and stepped nearer the handsome couple.

"Do you take this man to be your wedded lord-No!" shrieked the half-made bride, drawing a glittering object from her bosom.
"I have sworn to take his life on the threshold of his success—he who sent my sister to

neaven before her time. Murderer, I am Julia Coleman!" And before a hand could be raised, she buried the steel in the libertine's heart.

She drew it forth, reeking with blood, to strike again; but a guest pinioned her arms to her side, and the wildest confusion reigned.

Alphonse Brighton was borne to his chamber, when an examination proved his wound to be mortal. And when the clock proclaimed the hour of midnight, an unre-pentant soul put off from the sable shore. But, before death closed his eyes forever, he declared his doom just, and begged that the beautiful avenger be set at liberty.

She was never arraigned for the retribu-

It afterward transpired that she and Edgar Browncliffe were the same person, and that old Xenophon was her tool.

One night, several weeks after the tragedy, a lovely girl whispered, in response to the all-important question: "George, I will wed now. Maggie is

avenged. And handsome George Garfield took to his heart and home the beauty of the St.

Grace Hadley's Decision.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

portance," and, as she said so, Grace Hadley's grave, brown eyes went in thoughtful wandering over the blossoming buckwheat field that lay, a cream-white banner, over the earth.

A little amused smile was creeping around John Vane's eyes; he was a man you seldom saw laugh with his lips; when he did, it was like a sudden sun-burst over dark storm-clouds, so stern and grave was his face; so glorifying and radiant was the smile that disclosed, momentarily, his fine teeth.

Now as his eyes followed Grace Hadley's in her roaming search over the whitening expanse that moved and swayed in the fresh, cool breeze, a comical little smile crept to them, and he bent his head toward

her, in a fashion peculiarly his own.
"Miss Grace, I am very grateful to you for even that concession to my opinion."

She flushed a little, and then looked up at him, with a slight frown.

"I do not say it because I mean to agree with you, but that I really think so. Marriage is an important matter, and the way in which so many of the girls are contracting it, seems to me not only heedless and careless, but downright wicked. I assure

you I—"
Then, because John Vane was actually smiling, with his handsome mouth, too, at her eager, trembling rush of language, Grace stopped short, and blushed, and looked

away out the window again. But John Vane's eyes did not follow after hers this time; they suddenly grew luminous with an infinite, yearning tenderness, and he deliberately put out his arm and drew her quickly, strongly against him, and kissed her twice, thrice, and yet again, and right on her red, proud lips, too.

It was a strange thing for him to do-staid, grave Doctor Vane—who never had spoken a word of affection to Grace, or any one else that she ever had known. So Grace struggled in his strong, loving, willful embrace, her cheeks growing hotter every moment, and her sweet, cool breath

coming to her lover's face like an odorous Dr. Vane! how-what do you mean?" Her sharp, curt words had a marvelous effect upon him; like an arrow, his hands released her, and a gloom gathered where the bright tenderness had been.

"Grace! Grace! I was so sure you were mine! the dream has been so delicious that I never doubted the awakening. You are not angry with me, my own darling?"

How her woman's heart leaped and thrilled! This man of all men had come to her and chosen her; and yet I, a woman, blush for her, my pretty, lovely heroine, be-cause she remembered that this lord she loved was only a physician with a comfortable practice!

Need I follow the train of lightning thought and the incredible resolve—oh! so For one moment she suffered him to wait upon her words; then, looking carelessly out on the swaying blossoms—somehow they

were distasteful to her, of a sudden-she laughed; a low, thrilling music, but that sent a booming knell to John Vane's heart. "I had not the remotest idea of such a

thing, Doctor Vane. We have always been such good friends that I hoped—hoped to escape from this."

Oh, how cruel, how heartless! and yet every word she uttered was a dagger in her

And Doctor John Vane compressed his handsome, firm lips, and echoed her words in his heart.

Escape from his love!" And had it all come to that? all ended in this girl he had idolized telling him she had hoped to "escape" from him?

He was a man used to conceal his emo tions, save when he suffered himself to give up to them. A moment ago, he had shown Grace, his darling, how he loved her; now he would not let her know how she had mortally wounded him. 'I was awkward. I beg your pardon,

Twas awkward. I beg your pardon, Miss Hadley."
That closed it all; from that hour he never varied from his frigid courtesy to her when they met, and it was often.

"I would like to know what is going on up at the Vanes. There's been three sur-geons there all the morning, and such a running and confusion I never saw."

Annie Hadley, the fifteen year old sister of demure Grace, came flying into the room, all aflush with the startling news; her eyes bright as stars, her hair standing in untamable curls all over her head. Grace started, and her sewing fell from

her fingers. Surgeons at Doctor Vane's! Annie. what can it be for? Perhaps his mother has been hurt."

How her heart was jerking away; it seemed every drop of blood from her body was surging through her head; her ears hummed as if a swarm of bees had taken possession internally.

'No, it ain't either, for I saw old Mrs Vane crying at the bedroom window—'Grace sprung from her chair.

"Heavens, it must be that he is killed! Oh. Annie! Annie!"

And she burst into tears, so anguishful that her sister stood in open-eyed surprise.

"I'm sure it's very bad, Gracie, but I don't see why you need cry over him. He's awful cross and hateful, I think."

"Hush! go up to the house and learn what is the restrict."

She had dried her eyes, and was calm and

pale, and sat resolutely down by the window to await the certain news. It was a season of keenest grief to her this waiting to know whether or not the

man she loved, whom she had so cruelly used, had gone beyond the reach of her She had been sorry for it, time and again but now it came home to her with awful

force, and in the silent agony of her heart she prayed, as she never had prayed before, for his life, if it was threatened. Then Annie came rushing in again, wide-

eved and open-mouthed. "Oh, Grace, I saw Doctor Jeffries just coming out, and I asked him. There's an awful crowd up there, and they're all a-going on awful!"

Grace sat and waited for the news to come, with a stolid patience, that bore with the child's enthusiastic story.

"He is all cut and smashed, and Doctor Jeffries says he's unconscious, and it'll only be a miracle if he ever comes to again. He sent me up to Aunt Judy's to get her to come down and take care of him, but she's sick, and they're hunting all over for a

Grace got up very quietly. Annie, you can tell mother I have g to take care of Doctor Vane. Tell her he is dearer to me than all the world beside, and that I shall either see him die," and she swallowed a sob, "or hear him tell me he

And Annie listened, unconsciously, awestricken by the solemn grandeur in Grace's tones, and watched her up the street as she walked rapidly and firmly to the door of

It seemed very natural for Grace Hadley to go assist poor old Mrs. Vane, she who cool nerve and was so unlike most girls of her age; and so while the stricken mother blessed her for her unwearying care of her only son, the mother of the brave-hearted girl prayed for her daughter, as only a mother can, that she might come out of this cloud with rejoicing.

The new year had come in, attired in its royal ermine robes, with its crown of frost-jewels, its icicle scepter; and then, in the warm, darkened room, a group of awfully anxious watchers awaited the crisis. Another hour, and it would be known whether the tide of John Vane's life drifted lifeward or eternityward.

A solemn silence reigned as they watched his face, and each other's faces; and then, with Doctor Jeffries' fingers on his wan wrist, and his eyes on his open watch, there came a long, long sigh from John Vane's lips; a shiver, and he opened his eyes with the light of reason in them, and smiled at his mother, who was kneeling beside him. And then, with a low, piteous wail, Grace Hadley sunk on her knees, and caught his hand, kissing it over and over again.

Doctor Vane looked down in surprise his lips quivered a moment, and then his eyes took in a glorious, thankful light. 'Grace! my Grace! my Grace!" faintly whispered the name in an adoring tone, and feebly raised his hand and laid it on her head.

Mother-your daughter !" It was all the explanation ever made, but there were tears in those strong men's eyes as they read the rapture in his, the sweet, penitent love in Grace Hadley's fair face. "He'll get well now, fast enough," said Doctor Jeffries. "Let him have Miss Grace with him whenever he wants her; for, under God, she has greatly aided in saving his

And Grace, with a tearful, solemn joy, decided that life without John Vane would be worse than death with him.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air; on the breeze that rocks the flower upon the stem; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert; upon its deep chambers; upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light-upon all his works he has written, "None liveth

Valerie's Victory.

BY JENNIE LEIGH.

"I have not seen any smoke from widow Thomas' cottage to-day. Some of them may be sick. I think I shall run over there and see."

Valerie Reymour looked up in surprise.

"Why, Margaret, it is almost dark, and looks like rain every moment. Had you not better wait till to-morrow?"

"No, dear. I think not. I am a rapid walker, you know, and can get back before it is really dark. So good-by, little cousin, and do not get lonely while I am gone."

But Valerie turned her bright eyes quickly away, and did not return the kiss pressed on her pale olive cheek. She was thinking how happy and useful Margaret's life was, while hers-well, it was hard to be orphaned and homeless, to lie day after day on a bed of pain and weariness.

The door closed softly and Margaret was

gone. Valerie watched her in the deepening twilight, noting the rapid, graceful step, the calm, self-poised manner. Yes, Margaret was very fair and sweet, and it was not strange she should win the heart Valerie

would have died to gain.

"Miss Reymour, Miss Reymour, mother told me to come over and tell your folks not to go to widow Thomas'; for they're down with the small-pox over there, and the doctor told mother to send word to the The little barefooted, tow-headed urchin

thrust his head in at the door while he de-livered his message, and then he was alone The small-pox! that meant disfigurement,

loss of beauty and strength, perhaps life, and Margaret was on her way to that! Well, what if she let her go on? Then at least their chances would be more nearly equal—then she might have some bope of winning Doctor Phillips' love.

It seemed an eternity she sat there, combating the terrible, deadly temptation. Then, with a shudder she sprung up, calling

"Johnny, Johnny! oh, it is too late, and I—merciful Heaven! in my heart I have been a murderess."

The old clock ticked dismally in the cor ner, and Valerie felt as if she had grown ages older in the last few seconds. Grandmother's knitting-needles flashed brightly in the kitchen firelight, but she, alas! was deaf and helpless. Then a turn in the road brought Margaret's figure in view again, moving swiftly and surely to her doom. Was there no help, no way to save Marga-

Yes, there was one way. Valerie remembered a narrow footpath that wound around the ravine, almost overgrown with briers and wild vines, lonely and desplate enough. Yes, that path cut off more than half the distance to the cottage, and she might yet get there before Margaret and warn her of

She heeded not pain and weariness, felt not the chill rain nor the high night-wind that lashed her long black hair against neck and face. On she struggled, impelled by one motive, to save Margaret and win again the peace and innocence she had lost, or die in the attempt.

Even Margaret, strong of nerve as she was, started as Valerie's white figure loomed before her in the darkness.

"Margaret, you must not go in. They have the small-pox there and I have come to tell you."

Then the fictitious strength gave way

and Valerie sunk unconscious to the ground.

With a face almost as white as Valerie's Margaret bent over her.

risked your life to save mine !" 'Miss Grant-Margaret, how came you She raised her eyes and saw Doctor Phil-

Oh, how welcome his presence was just then. Scarcely heeding Margaret's broken explanations, he lifted Valerie's little form in his strong arms, and in a few moments she was lying on her bed at home.

When she again opened her eyes to the world of realities, roses and geraniums were blooming in the windows and the spring sunshine was flooding the room. All looked bright and sweet, and Margaret sat sewing near at hand. Valerie breathed her name softly. With

a little cry of joy Margaret came to her.
"Thank God, you are better, my dar-"Oh, Margaret, you must not be so kind to me. I have been so wicked and un-

grateful; you would hate me if you knew "Dear little cousin, I do know all. You

have told it over many times since you have been sick, and-'You can care for me still, Margaret?"

"I can care for you still."
The red blood dyed Valerie's cheek.
"Margaret, does Doctor Phillips know, No, dear. And now, Valerie, I have

something to tell you. In a few months I'm to be the wife of Doctor Phillips' brother, whom I have loved for two years, and my little cousin, if she will, is to share my Western home with me." Margaret to be married, and not to Doc-

tor Phillips! Oh, could it be that—but she would not listen to the sweet suggestion, she who had proved herself so unworthy, who had thought to gain his love at such a fearful price. No, the least she could do was to resign all thoughts of self and rejoice in Margaret's happiness.

I am so glad, and you will be very happy, Margaret." I hope so, dear, but you have talked too much already, and now you must go to

When Valerie awoke, Margaret was gone, and Doctor Phillips had taken her place.
"My little patient is so much better today that I am half-tempted to let prudence go and tell her what I have wanted to say

Valerie's face flushed, but she could not answer, and he went on:
"Valerie, my darling, I think you must know that I love you. Now that Marga-

ret's wedding-day is fixed, I want to ask you if, when she goes to her new home, you will not come to mine?" Valerie covered her face with her little

"Oh, do not ask me, Doctor Phillips. I can not, I can not!"
"You can not?" he repeated. "Oh, Va-

lerie, why can you not, when I love you so I am so unworthy; I have no right to be happy, to-"

"No right to be happy? you unworthy? Why, Valerie, what can you mean?"
With tearful, downcast eyes she told him of the temptation that had come to her, and

had sinned so deeply.

He listened to her gravely and tenderly.

"You exaggerate your fault, poor child.
You overcame the temptation and risked our life to save hers."

how in a moment of rebellion ather lot she

'And yet for one moment I listened to the awful suggestion!"

"We are all liable to temptation, Valerie, and are not responsible for it. It is in the resisting or yielding that the victory or defeat lies, and my darling is worthy of any many laws."

Valerie's pale face radiated beautiful sun-shine, and as her wistful eyes rested upon the doctor's hand that clasped her own, she

To be your wife is a bliss I never dared

But it was possible, for the beautiful girl, under the inspiration of her love and the doctor's skill, became strong again, and now, as the very queen of women, reigns in the city as the beloved Mrs. Doctor Phillips.

The Detective's Ward:

THE FORTUNES OF A BOWERY GIRL.

BY AGILE PENNE. AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL, THE ORANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XVII. THE LEAP IN THE DARK.

LILLIAN listened until she heard the footsteps of the rough dying away in the distance. A few moments she remained fixed as a statue, lost in thought. She felt sure that the rough had lied to her regarding the distance she was from New York.

"It can not be possible that I could be carried so many miles—by railroad, of course -and then by boat transported to this island, without my knowledge. True, by means of a powerful drug they rendered me insensible, but it was about ten o'clock when I went to my room last night, and when I recovered my senses here, the daylight had not come. That proves that my swoon not come. That proves that my swoon could not have lasted many hours. No; I feel sure that I am not many miles from New York, and when the night comes, I will make a desperate effort to escape from this place. Though I have grown to be quite a lady, in a few days, as Rocky says, he shall find that I have not changed in spirit in the least."

With this determination, Lillian sat down and eat up her breakfast. She knew that she would need all her strength in the attempt that she was resolved to make to escape from the hands of her captors, and fasting was not the way to preserve it.

Having finished the bread and coffee, she

drew the chair to the window and amused nerself by looking out upon the river. Wishfully she watched the water-crafts sailing upon the bosom of the tide. She longed for the wings of a bird that she might

fly far from her foes.

As she sat by the window, a little steam-

out into the stream. She could just discern the name on the wheel-house as the steamboat passed.

"'Sylvan Shore!" she murmured in delight. "So, he did deceive me. I know that boat; she runs to Harlem. Then this house must be in New York. If I can only get out of this place and reach the street, the first policeman I meet will protect me. Escape from here?" and the girl sprung to her feet as she uttered the sentence: "Pil do it if I."

tence; "I'll do it if I have to risk my life"
The flashing eye, the firm, compressed lips, and the hightened color in her cheeks, told that she would keep her words.

Rocky, departing from the house, chuckling at the success of his plan and meditating how much he should require the old merchant to "come down" for the production of the girl, had no suspicion that Lillian had discovered the whereabouts of her prison-house. If he had had, it is not probable that he would have proceeded so gayly on

Lillian spent all the morning in gazing out of the window, and in thinking over the means of escape.

means of escape.

At noon, the old woman who served as her keeper brought up a scanty dinner. After placing it on the table, she examined the window, as if for the purpose of seeing whether the girl had tampered with it or not; but finding every thing as she had left it, and being fully satisfied that Lillian had made no attempt to free horself che left the made no attempt to free herself, she left the room, locking the door after her as before. Long and wearisome was the afternoon;

the hours seemed to move on leaden wings; never before had the hours been so long to Lillian. Tired of sitting by the window and gazing out upon the freedom that was desired box shows a nied her, she paced up and down the room with the same restless motion that characterizes the wild beast in its captive cage. She panted for the hour to come when she might make the attempt to break the toils that hemmed her in. She waited for night to wrap the earth in its sable mantle—for the gloom which was to hide her fleeing footsteps from the pursuer's gaze.

At last night came. Slowly the gloom descended upon the arth. The white sails first seemed like earth. pectral forms floating in the hazy air; then, slowly they faded from view as the mists of night closed in upon the heaving surface of the restless waters.

The opposite shore, far in the distance, became a dark, indistinct line; then the darkness crept over the rippling tide, that was shining gold, crimson and purple, reflecting the last rays of the dying day god. The river faded from her sight. A dark, shadowy wall rose before her eyes, pierced here and there with twinkling stars, the lights shining from the opposite shore and from the pass-

ing vessels.

The hour was near at hand for the bold attempt for freedom. A faint hope had been in her mind that help might come ere night—help from the keen-eyed, quick-witted detective, John Peters. The only man in all the world who was to her a hero. Many a time during that long, weary day his image had risen before here. She had pictured him, tracking her out, as the sleuth hound scents its prey. But, night had come and no sign of rescue. Lillian was not disappointed, for she fully realized how difficult the task was. The ruffian who had carried her off was an adept in crime—one not likely to be easily tracked.

The woman brought in a cup of tea and some crackers for Lillian's supper; made a few remarks, saying how sensible she was to take her imprisonment quietly, and with-out making a fuss that wouldn't do her any

good, anyway; then retired, taking care to lock the door after her, as usual.

The woman carried the light off, saying, grimly, "that folks slept better in the dark." It was evident she feared, that, if she left the light, her prisoner might set fire to the

Lillian sat down and eat her supper, though she had but little appetite, for the hour of escape was near at hand; that thought strangled hunger.

The meal finished, Lillian rose; she had decided upon the plan of action.

Quietly, little by little, inch by inch, she dragged the old bedstead out from the wall and shoved it against the door, using it as a barricade to prevent any one from coming into the room, as the door opened inward.

So skillfully did she perform this maneuver, that it excited no alarm among the in-

mates of the apartment below.

The door thus firmly barricaded, the girl The door thus firmly barricaded, the girl tore down the curtain of the little window. With her hand she tested the strength of the woodwork. The window was one of the small, old-fashioned kind, common in the houses of forty years ago. The woodwork was light, but strong enough not to be broken by the mere strength of the arms alone. This did not disconcert her, for she had calculated upon it to be so.

She crossed the room, took up the chair, and approached the window. A moment she poised this chair in the air; then brought it down with all the force she could muster against the window-sash.

against the window-sash.

Crash went the glass, every pane in the window shivered into fragments by the shock. But the woodwork, though started from its place, still held.

Lillian heard a commotion in the room below. Her captors had been alarmed by

With desperate energy, she again struck the chair against the wooden bars that separated her from freedom.

The shock shattered the wood of the case-

ment in the center, but it still held fast at the sides; the chair had broken, though; the upper part alone was now fit for a weapon.

Desperately, Lillian hammered at the stubborn wood, the courage of despair nerving every muscle in her frame. She heard, too, the rush of heavy feet upon the stairs and along the entry, leading to her door. The key turned in the lock, but, thanks to the barricade of the bed, the door refused to open.

open.
With desperate curses the ruffians—there was more than one—threw themselves against the door, striving to force it open. Every blow that Lillian struck removed one obstacle to freedom. But, each moment now was precious. She could plainly listinguish that the rufflans were gradually

forcing their way into the room.

Another desperate stroke and the shattered casement, freed from its fastenings, dropped to the earth, leaving an open space an avenue to freedom.

—an avenue to freedom.

With a cry of joy Lillian leaped upon the window-sill; at the same moment, the ruffians forced the door half open. Their hot curses rung in the ears of the girl, but boldly, without a moment's thought, she leaped

claimed the Italian. ex-"If she hasn't broke her leg she's lucky!"

ejaculated Rocky.

The three rushed down-stairs and out of the door into the darkness of the night. There was but one way she could have gone, for the house was surrounded by water on three sides.

"There she is !" cried Rocky, as they ran toward the avenue. He had caught sight of the girl running toward the street.

The roughs redoubled their pace. They gained rapidly upon their victim.

Just as she reached the creenest to be also. Just as she reached the avenue they closed upon her. But, the yell of triumph was choked in their throats, when a dozen blue-

coated shadows sprung upon them from the darkness. The roughs were surrounded by a squad of Metropolitan police, headed by the detective Peters!

In the twinkling of an eye, the steel brace lets clasped the wrists of the three. The for-tunes of war had changed. The hunters had turned into the game

> CHAPTER XVIII. TURNING THE TABLES.

THE clock in Mr. Ollkoff's parlor had just chimed nine.

The merchant was pacing impatiently up and down. He had received a message from the detective that afternoon that he might expect to see Lillian before ten that evening, as he—Peters—was on the trail.

Ten minutes more and the girl, accompanied by the two detectives, stood in the

Ollkoff's joy was great, indeed, nor could he suppress his astonishment at the speedy

success of the detective's plan.

"It was part accident, sir," Peters examined. "When I left the house this morning, after that colonel had been here, I was lean bothered. I felt sure that he had nothing to do with the affair. The first thing I did was to set Hank here to watch young Donnehar, as I was pretty sure that he was mixed up in it, someway. Then I suddenly remembered what a little bootblack had told me about this rough, Rocky Hill, that I rescued the girl from in the underground saloon. He watched me when I brought the girl here; the bootblack—a little fellow, named Shrimpy—watched him. Well, when I thought of this, it suddenly occurred to me that Rocky might have a finger in the pie. So I immediately set out to look up this rough. I couldn't find him any-where, but I stumbled on Hank, here, who was keeping an eye on young Donnehar 'Looney,' as his pals calls him; and, lo and behold! he and Rocky Hill came together. After that it was all plain sailing. We tracked Hill to the den in Harlem where he had carried Miss Lillian; went for a squad of police and came just in time to nab the

beauties a they were going to nab her."
"Mr. Peters, I dcn't know, sir, how I shall ever be able to reward you for this service!" exclaimed the merchant, warm-

"Nor I," said Lillian, quietly, but with an earnestness in her tone and eyes that flushed the face of the detective crimson.

"I'm sure—I'm very much obliged—I—"

and the cool, courageous thief-taker broke down and blushed like a woman. Just at that moment John, the servant, entered the room. "Colonel Peyton is at the door, sir,"

John announced, with a comical grin upon his face. It was very evident that the colonel had not made a very favorable impression upon him All within the room, except Lillian, start-

ed at the announcement. She had little idea of the nature of Colonel Peyton's busi-" John, tell him to call some other time!"

cried the old merchant, hastily.

John turned, and found himself face to face with the colonel, who had quietly followed him into the parlor.

"John, you needn't trouble yourself to

do any thing of the kind," the adventurer said, blandly, smiling in the face of the astonished John. "And I am sure, Mr. Ollkoff, that you will see the necessity of meeting me to-night and thus spare unpleasant explanations." There was a threat concealed under the

"John, you may go," said the colonel, interrupting the merchant. "I see that you are determined that I shall speak out, and we might as well keep this family matter to overslyer."

colonel's smooth manner.

John looked at the merchant; Ollkoff nodded his head, and John withdrew in profound astonishment. After the servant had closed the door, the

colonel spoke again. "I trust you will excuse my somewhat abrupt entrance upon this little party; but, as I informed you this morning, Ollkoff, old boy, I am not to be 'done' easily; I'm a tolerably tough old chicken, and up to snuff. I dropped to your little game in spiriting this young lady away. I knew that she would come back, sooner or later, and I made up my mind to watch this house until she did come back. So since I left you she did come back. So, since I left you this morning, either myself or deputy has kept a devilish close watch upon this man-I confess it rather astonishes me to think that you thought me green enough to be thrown off the scent by such a shallow

trick as this."
"May I be allowed to ask, sir, what you intend to do?" asked Peters, quietly. "And who may you be, young man?" said the colonel, fixing his eye-glasses on his nose, and gazing superciliously at the detec-

tive. "This gentleman's professional adviser," Peters replied.
"Oh, his lawyer, eh?" the adventurer

said, contemptuously. "Perhaps it was your advice that put him up to this neat little trick, which wouldn't have deceived a green boy, let alone an old hand like my-

"Let us proceed to business, sir; what do you want?" the detective asked, blandly. "A certain sum of money, or that girl!" Lillian started in astonishment. She could not understand the meaning of this strange demand. "And if we refuse?"

"I whistle—you see the little instru-ment?" and the colonel drew a silver whis-tle from his pocket: "My man who is wait-ing outside will summon the nearest policeman to enforce my rights." Your rights? "Exactly, young man; my rights," replied Peyton, tauntingly.

If I understand this case correctly, only

one man has any rights in the premises-"Exactly; I am that man!" exclaimed Peyton, intermpting Peters. "Harry Belford? But I am!" cried the

"What?" and the merchant stared in asonishment. "Oh, you may look! Of course I've changed greatly; my yellow hair is now black; this hair-dye is a wonderful thing. You, Obediah, you're as gray as a badger, while I've kept my youth, despite the fact that I've led a life hard and fast enough to

kill a dozen ordinary men." "You think, then, that you can prove the right you assert?" the detective asked, in his quiet way.
"What's the use of asking foolish questions? You know I can prove all I say. Ask Obediah; he's the only witness I want.

affair up; that's the only way."
"But if you are Harry Belford, how comes it that you are called Colonel Peyon?" Peters asked. "Only a whim. A man has a right, I believe, to use any name he likes, as long as it is not used for an illegal purpose.'

Then you assert that you are Harry

Belford, once a fellow-clerk with Mr. Oll-

Come, hand over the money, and settle the

koff here, in the employ of the firm of Grainger & Co.?"

"Yes, sir, I am Harry Belford. How many times do you want me to tell you so?" demanded the adventurer, arrogantly. I think you have said all that is neces

sary," Peters replied, a lurking devil in his eye. "Hank, get the bracelets ready."
"You bet!" replied Hank, laconically, while, at the same moment, the colonel ose in alarm from his chair; he scented danger.
"Go for him," was Peters' curt com-

mand.

In a twinkling, Hank threw himself upon the adventurer, and before that worthy could recover from his surprise, or offer resistance, the steel handcuffs were clasped se-

sistance, the steel handcuffs were clasped securely around his wrists.

"You shall answer for this outrage!" howled the adventurer, foaming with rage.

"Go slow," Peters rejoined, in sarcastic style. "Mr. Harry Belford, allow me to introduce myself: John Peters, detective officer.

"You're wanted."

cer. 'You're wanted."
The adventurer turned pale, and bit his lip nervously.
"For—for what?" he asked, striving to appear calm.
"Forgery. The signature of the firm of Grainger & Co."

You can not prove it !" gasped the baffled villain. "Here's the bill. Mr. William Grainger

Here's the bill. Mr. Whilam Granger is still living. No trouble at all to prove it, since you have confessed that you are the man. The identity question was the only weak point in the case." "Mercy!" the adventurer cried, humbly.

"Mercy!" the adventurer cried, humbly.
"One condition. Sign an obligation giving up all claims to this young lady."
"I will!" he cried, quickly.
The handcuffs were removed, the deed drawn out, signed and witnessed; then, with an angry look on his sallow face, the



adventurer departed. He was never seen in New York again.

"I sent a friend of mine to see Mr. Grainger. Luckily this forged bill had been preserved," Peters explained.

Not until the next day did Lillian know the relationship that the heartless adventurer bore to her. Then the old merchant teld her her history.

Just one week after these events took place, Peters was summoned to a private interview with the old merchant. Mr. Ollkoff

told her her history.

spoke straight to the point.

"I wish to adopt Lillian, but she obstinately says 'no;' that she is your ward; and as you are a little young for a guardian, suppose that you become her husband, and settle it that way?"

Need we relet the joys of the honest do

Need we relate the joy of the honest detective, who had learned to love the girl that he had saved? Lillian became his wife. A long life of wedded bliss seemed fair before

After a great many tearful speeches and earnest promises, Dolly Blake and Algernon Ollkoff won the old merchant's consent to their union, although, to the last, he de-

clared that she was far too good for him.

Rocky Hill, Joeky, and the half-foolish lad, "Looney," are doing the State yeoman service at Sing Sing, breaking stone; and bitterly they curse the evil thought that tempted them to interfere in the fortunes of a Bowery Girl.

The Avenging Angels:

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HURON'S RUSE. As soon as this was done, Roland called a

"My men," he said, "we fight here for our lives and the lives and honor of our women. Even Kenewa," placing his arm af-fectionately round the Huron's neck, "in this our terrible strait, has declined to follow the customs of his race. Not a scalp has been taken. Of what use, then, are the

"Ugh!" observed Kenewa, with a grunt, and a very meaning grunt it was, as if to let everybody know what a sacrifice he was

making in not taking the usual trophy.
"Right, cap'n," said Steve, heartily;
"and, mind you, if we comes to have to trust these women to the Shawnees ag'in, it will likely save them from ax and scalp-

Then call a truce and signify my intentions at once." All right," cried Steve.

The scout at once threw down his weap-ons, and fearlessly leaping the breastwork, stood with his two arms up in the air. An Indian at once advanced and heid up

Whey were now two envoys, and this sim-ple recognition of one another's character rendered them both as sacred and safe as if they had advanced with flags of truce, trumpeters, and all the paraphernalia of

They advanced until within speaking dis-

They advanced until within speaking distance, when they halted, and after some few idle compliments, the Shawnee asked Steve his object in demanding an armistice. The scout told him that the fort was incumbered with their dead, dying, and severely wounded, and that, being Christian men, they wished to hand them over to their friends.

Shawnee started. "How would my brother have it done?" he said, with a courteous bow to his human

interlocutor "Indian, you mean honest?"
"A Shawnee can not be outdone in gene rosity by a pale-face. There is peace until the shadow of the sun falls there," and he

pointed to a stream of light between some The scout saw that they had twenty

"It is good," he said; "let a dozen unarmed Shawnees come and fetch the dead.

But I say, Shawnee."
"Wagh?" "You've got some ugly, dirty coon-whelps among you—smoke-dyed, painted curs, who call themselves pale-faces. Don't let 'em show therselves up yar—the truce is only with you, Shawnees; and, considering them punkin-faced varmints is thar," pointing to the crowd of Indians, "you see we must

stand to our arms.' The Shawnee nodded his head, with a guttural note of approval, and then returned to his fellows, to whom he related the won-derful and almost incredible proposal of the garrison. While yet they were discussing the matter, the Backwood Avengers were lifting the bodies of dead, dying and wounded over the breastwork, and laying them

all in a row on the grass. They then returned to their posts, seating themselves, with their rifles in their hands, on the pile of logs.

A dozen Indians, stripped to their breech-cloths, to show that they had no arms, now advanced, the whole body of Shawnees standing aloof, leaning on their guns, while the Bandits of the Scioto were in deep con-

Steve bowed courteously to the envoys, who, without manifesting the slightest fear, doubt, or anxiety, proceeded to examine the recumbent Shawnees. Those to whom assistance would be useful were the first carried off the field, then the dying, and lastly the dead.

There existed the utmost wonder among the Shawnees. They were not scalped—a discovery which, when first the young braves came up, drew forth a perfect shrick of delight, which they stoic natures enabled

them at once to repress. In a quarter of an hour all was over, and the Shawness retired; nor were they seen any more that day, the remainder of which was devoted to those rites without which none of them could believe that the deceased could ever reach the happy hunting-

grounds of their people. Not even a sentry could be distinguished in the valley though the Backwood Avengers were not deceived by this apparent neglect. They knew full well that eyes were watching their every movement, and that, had they tried to leave the ambush, they would have

who, out of reach of gunshot, were reclining on a grassy and woody slope, where their time of forced inaction was spent in eating,

drinking and smoking.

There was still a glimmer of day in the sky, when Steve, followed by Captain Edwardes, moved to the edge of the cliff which wardes, moved to the edge of the cliff which overlooked the river. Kenewa was already smoking a pipe, awaiting them. It appeared clear that a conference was about to be held. When the ruffian Bandits selected this spot as a stronghold, to which to retreat in case of accidents, they exhibited more judgment than is usual with men of their class, who, without guiding principles, without any belief in good or bad, are in general as reckless as they are covetous and sensual.

Their retreat could only be attacked by the valley, the precipice, which rose sheer from the river, being itself an impregnable protection. They, however, were well aware of the absolute necessity of a supply of water, and to secure this had made a rope and rude bucket, which they fastened to a beam

rude bucket, which they fastened to a beam projecting about a couple of feet over the rock, and thus enabling the pail to touch the water without striking against any pro-

jecting stones.

As soon as Steve had drawn up enough water for the wants of those within the fort, he seated himself on the edge of the precipice, and, imitating the chief, lit his pipe and smoked gravely. Roland, whose state of nervous excitement was such as to compel him to do something, gladly joined, and thus they remained in silence some time.

"Well," suddenly said Steve, "it's just as well we made a cover over that ar' cave in the rock: the gals 'ud 'a' been wet through

the rock; the gals 'ud 'a' been wet through

hadn't we."

"I was thinking it would be fine," replied Roland, who feared that the besiegers would find a useful auxiliary in the moon, which was rising over the woods, and at times showing her wan and wasted crescent through gaps in the clouds.

The changing luminary of night was wanting in har last quarter and struggling amid

ing in her last quarter, and struggling amid banks of vapor, had still power to almost dispel the sepulchral darkness that had just

enveloped the scene.
"No, thar's a storm coming, cap'n," said

The scout was right, for scarcely had Captain Edwardes caught a glimpse of the moon, when the clouds gathered round it darker than ever; and then from the distant hills came peals of thunder, preceded by sheets of lightning, that betokened the coming of an American prairie storm

coming of an American prairie storm.

"Now, cap'n," said Steve, putting aside his pipe, and brushing his mouth with the back of his hand, "it seems no one won't say nothing, so I'm bound to speak as to what it's our duty to do."
"You have called me hither," replied Ro-

land, compelled to raise his voice by the mingling of the thunder with the roar of the river below; "let me know what you have

"Well, you see, cap'n," observed the scout, with such gravity as became the propounder of a plan such as that he was about to submit to his chief, "me and Kenewa thinks that, considering we ain't got above four charges each more of powder, it's time we give up fighting and tyied some other dodge."

"Between fighting and surrender to these ruthless savages there is no middle way."

"Well, cap'n, there is another way."

"Which?"

"Runnin' away."

"Runnin' away

"I know, Steve, that under the circumstances in which we are placed you would never joke, or else I should be angry. Speak on," said Roland, calmly.

"Well, yer see, cap'n, what I ar' got to say ain't over an' above a bit pleasant," continued Steve, scratching his head.

said," was the quiet reply.
"Well, here goes. Yer see, cap'n, if we get away thar mou't be a chance of saving

"Get away—leaving the women behind!"
"You've just hit it, cap'n," cried Steve;
"we men can drop down this yar rope into the river; the red-skins then walk in and carry off the gals. While they're a set-tlin' who they shall belong to, we find out whar the Hurons is, and then—"

The scout made a rapid sign with his hand ound his head.

That for the Bandits and Shawnees. "Does Kenewa approve of this?"
"He has spoken by the lips of his pale-face brother," said the young warrior, quiet-

"Then go, in God's name, and if succor be at hand, bring it; the sooner the better I remain with the women, to aid and protect them in their last hour of danger."

To bring the ax to their throats and the scalping-knife to their pooty ha'r," said Steve, coldly. "How so?" 'If the women give themselves up, quiet

like, thar will be no harm done 'em; but, as they will be sartin sure to cut your throat, why, when blood's up, it don't signify whether it's a man's or a woman's, cap'n."
"If I thought—if I could hope, that succor was near," said Roland, in an agonized

tone, "I would go with you. But what has become of Little Bear? If he had returned we should have heard something of

A hoot-low, quick, and sharp-of the big owl of the prairies, wildly and mysteriously broke the silence of the night. "Wagh!" cried Kenewa.

"Little Bear, by gum—thunder!"
"God in his infinite mercy be praised!"

said Roland, fervently.

The moment after there was a dead silence, during which nothing could be heard but the rush of the waters below and the boom of the still advancing storm, which now had become a complete thunder-gust. Kenewa, leaning over the edge of the preci-pice by means of the beam used to haul the water up, examined with care the nature of

Where they sat the cliff was sheer down mearly forty feet to a kind of pool, while to the right and left the perpendicular rock was not more than ten or twelve feet, the rest of the distance between that point and the river being made up of a sloping surface of mingled bushes and rocks.

All around were frowning cliffs, while the bed of the stream was nearly choked up by huge bowlders, through which the waters passed in a few moments with a deafening

roar, proclaiming that at no great distance torrents of rain were falling.

"Ugh!" suddenly said Kenewa, pointing to the coil of rope, and speaking a few.

you absquatulate to punish the nagurs and

save the gals? You see, if you stop, all stop—and this'll be our grave."

"I am in your hands," said Roland, in a hollow tone; "explain to the women that we are not deserting them, and I will live to save or revenge them."

Steve returned to where the whole of the party, save the sentry, were congregated, and explained in a few brief words the exact position of affairs, and the prospect there was of saving the whole party, if, without further bloodshed, the Indians were allowed

further bloodshed, the Indians were allowed to regain possession of the women.

He then explained his interview with Roland, and declared that, had not the captain yielded, he for one would have stopped to face the last onslaught of the Indians.

"All! all!" was the response.

"I thank you," cried Roland, "and hope I may live to prove my gratitude to all my brave Avengers. But now go. I and Steve will descend last;" and he pointed to the Judge, who in a deep reverse, had heard the Judge, who, in a deep reverie, had heard

nothing,
"Haste all," added Ettic, earnestly; "it
is my belief this is an inspiration from
Heaven to save us. The Shawnees will not

"Mind you surrender to them," put in teve; "while them fellows is dropping into the pool I'll just tell you how to set about

"I know," said Matata, quietly. She knew her duty, though Kenewa had not even sent her a message. She neither expected it nor wished it.

expected it nor wished it.

Her brave was doing his duty!

"You're right," put in Steve. "Ah me!
it's ag'in' the grain, but it can't be helped.
We'll take our revenge. Now, cap'n, all
down but you."

"The captain always last."

"Just so: I only thort it my duty to be
rear-guard," said Steve. "Make haste,
though, fur no one ken say fur truth when
these nagurs may be upon us."

these nagurs may be upon us."
Roland, after a hasty but affectionate farewell, during which he bade them all be of good cheer, hastened to follow the example set him by Steve.

But fart he country!

But first he crouched a moment or two n the beam, watching the sufferers he had

His heart smote him as he saw that group of women, dimly illumined in their cavern retreat by the fire which they had kept up ever since seeking shelter in the redoubt; their cadaverous and pinched faces showing the horrors they had endured, and the mental suffering to which they were still sub-

Then he saw the young Huron girl carry an armful of brush to the narrow gap defended by the wooden breastwork, and pile it with all the fuel she could collect against the logs.

To this she soon set fire

As soon as it blazed on high she leaped on the top beam of the parapet, and held her arms upward and wailed.

Ten minutes elapsed, during which time those below continually shook the rope by which Roland Edwardes should have de-

But he was spell-bound.

The girl sat full in the effulgence of the blazing light, every lineament of her pretty features clearly to be distinguished.

Then one or two Indians came peering up

"Welcome," she said, in the Shawnee dialect; "there are none but women here. We are the prisoners of the Shawnee braves,

not of the cowardly pale-faces."

"My sister has spoken—her word is the law," replied Theanderigo, advancing, glad to frame any excuse to secure the women as

'All prisoners of tribe," said Theanderi-

The Bandits growled, but uselessly, as they were by far too weak to try violence, and the Indians, without noticing their scowling countenances, proceeded to secure the persons of the fugitive women without any physical injury, the memory of the dead and wounded given up without mutilation

being still upon them. The means by which the men had escaped were soon discovered, but the Shawnees cared little about this.

They would hanker after their women, and would not go far. Their tracks would be easily traced in the morning.

With this consoling idea the prisoners were restored to their cavern, while all around the Shawnees laid themselves down to await the dawn of day.

To men accustomed not only to the woods but to hardships, the descent into the river-pool by means of a rope was easy enough, especially as Kenewa and Little Bear stood up to their hips in water to assist all who followed the chief. At last all were collected. The darkness was intense, so that when

Little Bear offered to pilot them across there was little fear of their being seen from above. A pilot was needed; for from the sudden rush of water from the table-lands above the current swept by with great speed and fury, until below it was lost in a cloud of foam that with a fearful roar indicated the resence of a fall.

But the boy had well noted the way he came, and led them from rock to rock and bowlder to bowlder as if they had been ordinary and safe stepping-stones.

They were soon, therefore, on the opposite bank, which was as soft, smooth, and

grassy as the other was rough and rude.
As soon as they were concealed by the trees, all sat down, despite their drenched and soaked condition, to learn their future course of proceedings.

The first word brought an audible groan

from Roland.

The Huron braves were quite two days Little Bear had met his friends in small

numbers on the war-trail, and after explain-

ing the position of his brother and their chief, had left them to collect their forces and fol-This he had found with difficulty.

"Two days!" said Roland; "must they uffer all that time?"

"Two days, cap'n! Why, them Indians and white thieves 'ull be a hull week a-talking over their plunder," cried Steve; "it's more nor enough."
"It is enough," observed Kenewa, calmly "the Shawnees are dogs; their village shall leave no sign ere two moons are past. Let

been instantly surrounded.

Every now and then a glimpse was caught of the ill-favored countenances of the Bandits

The control tope, and speaking a few. words with Steve.

Cap'n, the chief says the warriors are at hand; so will you stop to be scalped, or will there it was wide, smooth, and shallow.

In half an hour they reached the head of the Catawba Lake, within two hundred

yards of their boats.

Little Bear, with an activity which well became his youth, and at the same time his manly courage, swam to the island under the direction of his brother, found the boats, and brought them to his friends.

All climbed in and made for one of the small islands in the lake, where for a while they could repose in safety until morn, when their immediate course of action would be

decided on.

The whole party were so fatigued that little was said that night.

The young lover, however, tossed upon his earthy couch, each moment imagining that some evil had happened to the two daywhters of the indee

daughters of the judge. CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TWO SPIES. THE night was soon passed. As soon as day commenced, and awoke all creation to life and light, the Backwood

Avengers held council.

The Shawnees would beat the woods for them in every direction, so that to remain concealed anywhere seemed almost impossible. Knowing that they were somewhere close at hand, the red-skins, who had so many deaths and so many defeats to avenge, would search for them with the sharp eye of hote.

All depended, then, on the arrival of rein-

Should they wait for them, or should they go in search of them?

Kenewa was for the latter course, but opinions being divided, the decision was left entirely in the hands of their captain

His proposal was, then, to divide. One party was to remain and wait for reinforce-ments, while he and Steve would outlie in the forest, watch the Indians, and endeavor to circumvent any deviltries to which they

might have recourse.

Steve nodded his head, with a smile, as if he thought Roland Edwardes had acted with wisdom. Kenewa made no remark, but, giving a whispered order to Little Bear, the youth glided into the water, and, wading at first, soon swam ashore, and took up his post on the branch of a tree, whence he had a good view of the grassy plain over which the expected warriors would be sure to

Steve and Roland also waded ashore, and the former leading the way, entered the forest in profound silence. There was no attempt on their part to conceal the trail, as now such precaution must prove useless. The crisis was approaching, and, unless victory very soon crowned their efforts it would

be useless to strive against fate.

The women must soon be lost to them for-In the hands of the Bandits, or in the hands of the Shawnees they would equally be forever separated from their friends.

In this case Roland's determination was He would rescue the fair girl of his heart

or perish—it mattered to him not how. He would as soon lie down and die on one of the desolate plains of the great prairie wilderness as in any other way.

The two bunters glided silently along, stooping beneath the underbrush, wading through the long grass, their eyes ever on the watch, their ears listening with the deepest intentness, their breath held, and

now and then even pausing, lest they might fall into some ambuscade. on, said Roland, calmly.

"Well, yer see, cap'n, what I ar' got to say ain't over an' above a bit pleasant," continued Steve, scratching his head.

"Steve, every thing that can be said to sasist our salvation from the wretches who soon will be howling around us should be said," was the quiet reply.

"My sister has spoken—her word is the law," replied Theanderigo, advancing, glad to frame any excuse to secure the women as his prisoners.

"I am all on fire," muttered Moses Horne, coming out from the crowd; "whar's our gals?"

"All into some ambuscade.

It was nearly evening when they came within half a mile of the Indian camp.

Crawling and creeping, rather than walking, they were soon upon the verge of the open clearing where the Shawnees had erected their village.

Not a wiewam was to be seen.

Not a wigwam was to be seen. "Gone!" cried Roland. Steve rubbed his eyes.

"What can be the meaning of this?" said the captain. "Well," said the scout, coldly, "they've smelt a rat, and guv us the slip."

He moved carelessly out into the plain.

"Suppose it is a trap?"
"Natur' has a voice that can not be misunderstood. If any of them loping, thieving, cussed Shawnee vagabonds was about, those wolves yonder wouldn't be quarrel-

ing over the bones they've left."

With these words he boldly advanced into the open clearing. This indeed was an overwhelming misfortune. Either by intuition or by means of his scouts, Theanderigo suspected the

coming of Huron reinforcements.

Such was the inference drawn by Steve as they advanced along the plain toward the hill in which was the cavern where the women had been detained prisoners.

The scout proposed to camp on the sum-He there lit a small fire of dry wood, that emitted but the faintest column of smoke. Steve took a hearty meal, and, after a few words, cast himself under a tree and slept. Roland could not so early cast off all care or divest himself of the idea that they were acting with imprudence. It was, however, impossible to resist the imperious calls of nature after the superhuman exertions the few previous days, and Roland Edwardes at length slept, nor awoke until the

matin hoot of the owl announced that the sun was about to rise. A draught of water, a hunch of meat without bread or salt, was the frugal morn-

ing meal; and the scout commenced the task of tracking the fugitives. Steve took care to keep off the line of march, only examining the trail now and then with a critical eye.

At length he came to a spot where the whole party had encamped in the center of a thicket, which had yet a fire or two alight, indicating very recent departure.

After a careful examination of the neighborhood, the scout seated himself beside

Roland, and was about to enter upon one of his usual talks, when a low moaning close at hand drew his attention.
"What is that?" asked Roland, looking warily around, in expectation of a sur-

prise.
"Some poor beast a-dyin'," said Steve The trapper then rose, walked to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and then came back with a rather pretty dog, with

"Why, it is Pet," cried Roland, in an amazed tone.

The seout looked at his captain as if he thought he had really taken leave of his senses.

"I'll tell you, Steve," continued the captaking the animal on to his lap; "this is a dog, which I gave Ettie Mason quite a year

"Then, cap'n," said Steve, heartily, "the beast has followed the gals, and some scoun-drel—no red-skin, I'll sw'ar—has shot him

in the leg."
While Roland examined the wound the little animal whined and moaned with pain, while, on examination, it proved that its claws were quite worn away with its long

Journey.

The hunter rose, looked about, found some herbs known to him from long contact with the Indians, and chewed a small quantity, which, by means of a small bandage, he fastened on the wounded place; the intelligent little animal all the time looking keenly up in his face, as if thankful for kindness shown him.

kindness shown him.
"'Tis wonderful, sure," observed the scout, "this here brute has had to work out our trail, or rather that of the gals; but yar he is, so it don't sinnify talking. What

shall we do with him?"
"Take him with us." "But he carn't walk."

"I'll carry him."

Steve smiled grimly. Perhaps he had a glimmering of the young man's motive, few being so practical as not to retain some remnant of sentimentality in their hearts.

Half an hour later they were again on their way. Steve now took the lead. With all his knowledge of the prairies, with all his experience as to the ins and outs of red-skin wile and cunning, he was at a loss to understand the double action of the enemy. That they had fled, in all appearance, to some fastness where they could defend themselves from the attacks of their foes, he felt certain; but, in this case, why had they not more elaborately concealed the trail, instead

of leaving it obvious and clear?
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

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THE BABES IN THE WOODS. (From the old English of Chaw, sir.)

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A bucketful of years ago
When the old time was new—
There lived a wealthy gentleman—
I think he was a Jew,
But somehow he took sick and died
As rich folks sometimes do.

And when he died, 'mong other things
He couldn't take along,
He left two weeping chil-di-ren
As was both small and young,
And many thousand ducats which
Should unto them belong.

He also left a broth-i-er,
These children's uncle he,
So he was made their guard-i-an
Till they of age should be,
And he had a hankering for gold
In a very great degree.

He counseled with two ruff-i-ans,
And made both of them swear
They would not hurt the chil-di-ren,
But take their heads off square.
Thether the process of the law That by the process of the law He might become their heir.

The children to the for-i-est
These ruf-fl-ans did lead,
But first they drank some whis-ki-ee
Before they did the deed.
And then to count their sil-vi-ee
They straightway did proceed.

They quarreled o'er a three-cent piece,
And made an awful fuss,
They drew their swords out of their sheaths
As wilder grew the muss,
And whacked each other on the scalp
In a way tremen-di-ous.

The young but youthful chil-di-ren
Got very much dismayed,
And looking on this wild affray
Grew terribly affaid,
And saw each rufflan at a blow
Cut off the other's head.

The ruffians fell upon the ground
Which with their blood was wet,
And one was dead as dead could be,
The other deader yet;
The babes they found themselves were lost,
And they began to fret.

They gathered up the scattered change And wandered far and wide, Till last beneath the treeses' shade They laid them down and died. With leaves the little rob-i-ens Covered them up and sighed.

And at their heads these rob-i-ens Put up two tombstones small, And carved their names thereon to keep

The White Outlaw;

The Prairie Ambush.

BY C. D. CLARK.

THE prairie grass was green under the summer sky, and, far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible save the green roll of the plain, and the blue outline of the distant mountain. In a shaded nook, close to a thick belt of timber, a hunter had built himself a cabin. Old Jim Bailey was known far and wide through this region as a skill-ful guide and trapper, and there was one other thing which drew the young soldiers and trappers off the main trail to rest at his cabin. He had a daughter, Cora Bailey, who was famed for her beauty through all that region. Ohio was then the North-west territory, and inhabited by warlike tribes, who delighted in scenes of bloodshed, and they were even now gathering for the strug-gle which was to end in the complete subjugation of their race.

It was a beautiful morning in June as a young girl rode through the waving grass in the direction of Bailey's cabin. A girl who had a strong, true, beautiful face, her dark hair floating loosely below her jaunty riding-hat, and her symmetrical figure show ing to advantage beneath a tight-fitting hussar jacket, above a flowing riding-skirt of gray. Her horse was a noble white, with long, clean, powerful limbs and flowing mane and tail. She governed him with the hand of a mistress, her dark eyes full of en-joyment, life and spirit. As she passed a belt of timber the bushes parted, and a darkfaced young man, dressed in forest garb,

"You here, David Brownlow?"
"I could not stay away," he said, pleadngly. "Bear in mind that Hove you dear-

'Hush. I will not listen to you for an instant, Mr. Brownlow. How dare you come here, when you know that your life is in danger every moment you stay? I ought to give you up to justice, but I can not do it. Go away and do not let my father see

'Curses on him: it was his fault that I

am outlawed." You deserved that, and more. guilt of blood is upon you. You killed an innocent man in a drunken brawl, and have

"You drive me away," he said, hoarsely.
"Have your will then, Cora Bailey; but my turn will come soon. If I killed a man, it was with his hand upon a weapon ready to

"It is false. He would not have used the pistol except in self-defense."

"Have some pity, Cora. You know that I love you, and the thought that my rash act has separated me from you is driving

You are much to blame, David. I did love you once—why deny it—but, that time is past. Go your way; hide your guilty head in some secluded part of the country, and atone for your foul deed by penitence

You will have it," he hissed. "Very well; I will go, but you shall hear from me again. When the flood of war rolls over again. When the flood of war rolls over this devoted country, when roof-trees lie blackened and low, think of me and my re-

He turned and buried himself in the woods, and Cora looked after him with an uneasy glance.

means some wickedness; he has a bad heart, and I fear evil will come from

She rode on hastily and alighted at the door of her father's house, who came out to meet her accompanied by a handsome young fellow in a rifleman's uniform, before whose admiring gaze Cora blushed and looked down. He came forward, extending his

Your father asked me to ride down with him and try my hand at the deer," he said. "You have not been to the village lately, Miss Bailey.

"I am father's housekeeper, Lieutenant Grayson," she replied, "and of course can not leave him often. I see you are in uniform. Do you expect to be called out soon?"

Black Hand threatens mischief, and I David Brownlow.

can not say how soon the Indians may be upon the war-path," he answered.
"You are welcome to our humble home, lieutenant," she said. "Will you come

"Ay, ay, go in, Henry. I'll take keer of Cora's hoss," said Bailey. "The gal will make it more pleasant for you than an old hunter.'

Grayson followed Cora into the cabin, where every thing was as neat as human hands could make it. The young lieutenant had met her at a party in the little vil-lage, ten miles away, and had been taken by her handsome face, and brilliant conversational powers. Cora had a fair education, good enough for the border, and sung with wonderful sweetness and power, and he overlooked the fact that her father was only a rude hunter, and had determined to lay siege to her heart in regular form. Grayson was a young man of reputation, and, for that section, of considerable wealth, and Cora might well be proud of her con-

He remained all that day at the cabin, listening to her songs and watching her as she prepared the savory venison and home-made bread, which formed the principal food of this border region. Bailey went out upon some errand, and came in about three o'clock in a towering passion.
"What is the matter, father?" said Cora.

"Something has happened."
"I've met that black-hearted thief, Dave

Brownlow," replied the hunter, "and we had a little scrimmage. But he got away from me and joined a party of Black Hand's Injins, and I couldn't do any thing with them. I'll see that feller hung one of these

days."
"I met him this morning," said Cora,
"and he uttered threats which I did not understand." What did he say?"

"He spoke of war as a certainty, and as if he expected to have something to do in bringing it about," she replied. Who is this Brownlow? Not the ruf-

fian for whose arrest a reward has been of-fered by the Governor?" said Grayson. "That identical thief. You don't know him, and it's just as well, for he's a most de-tarmined villain. He used to be a friend of mine, and I'm 'shamed to say I thought him a true man, but I've found him out now. You must look out for him, Cora."

What was his crime?" "He was in a bar-room up at Cypress Bailey's cabin, we Bend, and thar was a fight. He was in it, him back to life.

"We meet again, Cora," he said. "Somewhat quicker than I expected, but not the less welcome. Who is this gay personage

who accompanies you?"
"How dare you address this lady in that
manner?" demanded Grayson, riding between them.

"Perhaps this gentleman would like an introduction," said Brownlow. "My name, sir, is Dave Brownlow—Mad Dave of the sir, is Dave Brownlow—Mad Dave of the Ridges—and a tough colt to bridle. The lady, some time ago, promised to marry me, but went back on her word on account of a little difficulty I had with a fellow at Cypress Bend. There hes your way over the prairie, and the quicker you take it the better for you. Cora goes with me."

He laid a hand upon the bridle of the white horse, but the next moment he was

white horse, but the next moment he was rolling on the earth, under a heavy blow from the iron hand of Grayson. The blow was hardly struck when four Indians sprung from the thicket, with knives and rifles ready, and assailed the young rifleman over the body of Brownlow.

Hemmed in on every side, the brave young man fought with the energy of de-In an instant one of the savages, felled by the iron-bound butt of a pistol, lay beside Brownlow among the tangled grass but, while he was so engaged, a second sprung at him with uplifted knife. Cora had stood inactive during the beginning of the struggle, rapidly reloading her rifle, unnoted by the Indians, who did not dream of any resistance from her. She saw that Grayson was incumbered by the weight of Brown low, who was clinging to his stirrup upon the left side, and was striking at him with a heavy hatchet, and that he could not ward off the blow of the tall savage with the knife. Nothing could save him but instant action on her part, and as the red-skin sprung on, with a triumphant yell, she raised her rifle rapidly, and discharged the contents full at his broad breast.

The Indian uttered a fiendish yell, plucked at the clothing upon his breast, and fell prostrate on the sod. At the same time a wild shout was heard, and Jim Bailey came down upon them like the wind, with his ri-fle ready. This was too much for the Indians, who broke and fled for the woods, leaving two warriors slain upon the ground, and Brownlow, wounded, a prisoner in their hands. Grayson, who had received several knife-wounds in the fray, fainted from loss of blood, and was carried back to Bailey's cabin, where the heroic girl nursed

how to take the brute. I hev allers thought he sarved me right fur bein' over in ther durned greaser kentry.

"You see, me an' Crack, thet's the dog,

hed been meyanderin' up 'bout the head uv the Anchos; ter tell the truth, we war arter a cussed yaller-belly what had snaked off my saddle an' cut with it, an' we wur layin' off in the bush waitin' fur a sight.

"'Twur a powerful thick piece o' timmer, big trees an' little trees an' chapperell till you couldn't rest.

"We'd been in ther nigh a week watchin'

"We'd been in thar nigh a week, watchin' round, when, one evenin', jest es the sun was gettin' well down, I hear the all-firedest lot uv squallin', an' yelpin' an' screechin' thet ever wur.

"Crack war off a leetle way, an' you'd
'a' died a larfin' to see him kim scootin'
back with his tail down, scart half to death.
"I know'd in a minit'twurn't a human
critter, but what kind uv a varmint it wur I

couldn't guess nohow.

"Arter a bit the thing begin ag'in, this time closer'n 'twur before, an' a heap loud-

er. "I ain't easy scart, boyees, but I'll own up thet I felt kinder queer thet time.

"You see, I hadn't never heard nothin' like it afore, an' I didn't know but what it mout be the devil hisself arter me.

"You better b'leeve I treed in a hurry; an'

so did Crack, fur he got atween my legs an' stood thar growlin' to hisself.

'The dog wur clean cowed.
'I stood mighty quiet, listenin' an' watchin', but I couldn't see ner hear nothin' fur a

"I reckon I must 'a' waited half a nour an' wur beginnin' to think the varmint hed cl'ared out, when, all at one't, it bu'sted out ag'in, forty times wuss'n afore, an' right plum over my head, in the limbs uv the tree agin' which I stood.

"I've hearn tell uv big jumps an' sum-mersets, an' the like, but I reckin I jumped further an' turned more uv 'em, an' faster'n any uv them fellers what's paid ter do it ever did.

'An' I warn't none too quick, nuther.

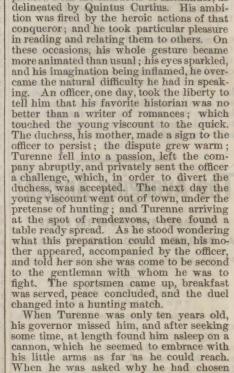
"An' I warn't none too quick, nuther.

"Es I went frum under ther tree I throwed one eye up, an' ketched a glimpse uv the creeter jess es he war makin' his spring.

"I see it war yaller, with whoppin' big eyes an' a powerful long tail, an' thet wur about all, till it landed, all uv a heap on the ground on the other side uv whar I lit.

"You see, the varmint hed lep' too fur, an' missed his mark.

"I jist hed time ter get onto my feet, an'



the hind sights uv a rifle fur nigh three

"Crack got well sooner ner I did, fur you see he could lick the sore ear, an' thar's

healin' in a dog's tongue."

"Come, Eph," said one of the boys, "that won't go down. How in Satan could he lick his sore ear?"

The laugh evidently perplexed the old

hunter, but only a moment.
"Ther deuce he couldn't," said Eph; didn't I see him lickin' the piece thet the

Short Stories from History.

The Youth is Father to the Man.—The

great Turenne, in his youth, was much pleased with the character of Alexander, as

varmint tore off!"

When he was asked why he had chosen such a couch, he answered, "That he intended to have slept there all night, to convince his father that he was hardy enough to undergo the fatigues of war; though the old duke had often persuaded him to the

contrary."

It is of such stuff that heroes are made, and the lesson it teaches is that each child's own habits and thoughts, if carefully studied, will determine what should be their life calling. To have made a lawyer, physician, or priest of Turenne would have been not more of an outrage upon his inborn tastes and talents than to have harnessed a deer to the plow. And yet we see such outrages perpetrated every day!

A Royal Road to Fortune.—When Sir Richard Arkwright went first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber; but being remarkably frugal, he saved money out of a very scanty income. With these savings he took a cellar, and commenced business; at the cellar head he displayed this inscription: "Subterranean shaving, with keen razors, for one penny." The novelty had a very successful effect, for he soon had plenty of customers; so much so, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded two pence apiece for shaving, were obliged to reduce their terms. They also styled themselves subterranean shavers, although they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this, Arkwright determined on a still further reduction, and shaved for a half-penny. A neighboring cobbler one day descended the original subterranean tonsor's steps in order to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, said he hoped he would give him another half-penny, for his beard was so strong it might spoil his razor. The cobbler declared he would not. Arkwright then shaved him for the half-penny, and immediately gave him two pair of shoes to mend. This was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune: for the cobbler, struck with this unexpected favor, introduced him to to the inspection of a cotton machine invented by his particular friend. The plan of this Arkwright got possession of; and it gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half

million of money.

The grand lesson of Arkwright's lifethat no matter how humble a man's origin his fortune is in his own hands—can not too often be impressed. From the cellar barber-shop to the millionaire mill-owner was a grand leap, but not greater than has marked the history of many Americans whom we can recall. Indeed, almost all of our great and wealthy men sprung from very humble stations in early life.

Sir Walter Raleigh.—The story of Sir Walter Raleigh's life is full of romance and his end a sad one. His name is so inwoven with our own early history as to make him almost "one of us."

Raleigh, who was, even in his own day, often called "the noble and valorous knight," and whose works have placed him n an important rank in the history of English literature, was doomed to pass the best period of his life in captivity. The reign of James I. may be praised for its pacific character; but as long as the name of Ra-leigh shall be remembered, will that reign be stained with one of the foulest crimes a monarch could commit.

Almost immediately after the accession of King James in 1603, Raleigh was imprisoned on a charge of treason, tried at Winchester in November of the same year, and condemned to die. He was, however, reprieved, and confined, a close prisoner, in the Tower, where he remained for upward of fourteen years. During his confinement, he devoted great part of his time to his studies; and the productions of his pen at this time were so numerous, that he rather resembled a colle gian than a captive; a student in a library, than a prisoner in the Tower. His principal work, the "History of the World," was written and published during his confinement. He was at length released from the Tower in March, 1615; had the king's commission for a voyage to Guiana, which he made in 1617; but being unsuccessful, the old sentence was revived against him on his old sentence was revived against him on his return home, and he was sent to the scaffold, to the eternal disgrace of the pusillanimous monarch, whose conduct in this affair gain-ed him the indignation of his contempora-



and helped to stir it up, and when the row was going on he shot a man who had no-thing to do with it, and was trying to part them. They raised the Regulators on him,

but he got away, and hez bin in the Injin kentry ever since." We have a standing order to arrest him wherever we can find him," said Grayson, "for it is thought he is inciting the Indians to sedition. He can not escape us long. What think you of the prospect of striking

"Easy enough. They are pretty thick about Cedar Lick, jest now."
"Am I to go out with you, father?" demanded Cora. "You know that I am a

"Few better, gal. I don't think it safe to leave you alone, so I reckon you'd better go. And now set on supper, for I'm mighty

hungry after my ride." Supper over and the dishes cleared away the trio passed a pleasant evening, and at early morning were ready for the hunt. Cora brought out a neat little rifle, and ap-

peared to know how to use it. "You must look to your laurels to-day, lieutenant!" she cried. "I am going to beat you, if I can!"

And she kin shoot, Henry," said Bailey. I give you notice of that." I must not suffer myself to be beaten by a woman," replied the lieutenant, as he assisted her to mount. "Lead the way,

They brushed away at a rapid pace through the grass, upon which the dew lay heavily, moving toward the hills upon the west. Cora was in high spirits, and laughed

"See here," said Bailey, pointing to a wooded knoll crossed in various directions by deer-paths. "You take that direction and wait, and you are sure to get a shot. Look yonder; is not that an Injin?'

and jested with her companion.

A human figure had darted rapidly across open space and disappeared bushes. The three looked after him a mo-ment, and then, with a muttered exclama-tion directed at all "lopin thieves," the hunter rode rapidly away, with his dog at his heels. Five minutes passed, and they sat silently upon their horses, waiting, when a buck and doe leaped from the bushes and crossed the prairie some sixty yards distant. Grayson fired and the buck staggered, but kept on his course. The rifle of Cora rose slowly to her shoulder, a flash leaped out, and the noble quarry, stricken through the heart, fell dead in his tracks. At the same moment a man rode out of the bushes and confronted them—no other than

Brownlow was taken to the village, and | throw the old rifle up, when it kim at me iven over to the authorities. Three weeks after he broke jail and escaped, and his blackened body was found swaying from a forest tree not long after. The Regulators had found him in his escape, and he had suffered by their laws.

After the Indian outbreak was suppress ed, Henry Grayson, now a colonel, came back to wed the heroic woman who had saved his life in the prairie fight.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Eph Hawkins and the Cougar.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"HE ar' a comikle-lookin' pup, thet's sartin," said Eph Hawkins, patting a short-legged, stout-looking cur, minus one ear, upon the back, "but, he ar' wuss'n forked lightnin' into a ground scuffle, an' es fur holdin' on, why a logger-head mud turkle ain't a patchin' to him."

Such extraordinary praise, especially com-ing from "Rough Eph," as he was called, who made it a rule never to speak well of any thing, if he could possibly avoid it, at once aroused attention, and caused a score of eves to turn with interest upon the ungainly

Well, he ain't much fur han'some," said Ned Sanford, with a grin.

"No, he ain't," replied Eph, sharply,
"but I knows some two-legged animiles not very fur about hyar as is in purty much the

The stroke was a direct one, Ned being unusually homely, and a wild yell of laughter told that it was appreciated.

"But come, Eph, never mind Ned's jokes;

tell us how the dog came to lose his ear, said one of the boys How he lost his ear, hey? Well he lost it holpin' his master outen a cussed tight place, an' I'll tell yer how it wur. "Most uv you fellers knows what a griz-

zly ar', an' what a painter ar', but I doosen't bleeve enny uv you knows much about a Mexikin tiger — chougers they calls 'em;

'Nary! We've heard uv 'em! They're wuss'n pizen!" were the various answers.
"Well," continued Eph, "they ar' bad, an no mistake, eespecially when you've wownded 'em jest enuff ter draw blood smartly an'

make 'em mad fur keeps.
"This hyar one as I'm speakin' uv wur
the fust one I ever see, an' I didn't know

'I pulled the trigger 'thout aim, fur I hadn't no time, heard ther thing fetch a squall, an' then eend over eend I went into ther bresh, the varmint on top, scratchin' and bightin' an' t'arin' my very innards out ennyhow I thought so. 'Lordy, how the thing stunk! an' all the

time it kept up thet cussed snarlin', jest like "I begin ter think ther jig war up with Eph Hawkins, an' 'thout hardly knowin'

what fur, I yelled out fur Crack ter pitch

"I didn't much reckin he'd take holt, but he did, an' I tell you he made thet varmint think suthin' had bu'sted. I hed long sence drapped the rifle, an' war tryin' ter git my knife out, but the chou-ger kep' me too bizzy, an' it took both hands ter keep the thing's teeth offen my

"But, when Crack grupped the beast by ther jaw, an' throwed his heft back'ards onto it, it let up on me a bit, an' sorter turned his

'tention to the pup.
''Twur a bad move for the Mexikin
brute, you kin bet, fur, afore he got through
with Crack, I hed my knife twistin' about into his innards in a way thet made him twist, I tell you. But he wur game, an' what's wuss, he

hed his back up an' wur bound to win-only "I can't never tell how long the scrimmage lasted. I thorght it wur a week, but

it kim to an eend at last.
"Crack he got too rambunksious, an' pitched in 'thout enny calkerlation, an' naterally the beast got him by the ear.
"You ought to 'a' heard that dog holler. He wur wuss'n the chouger fur noise, but it warn't no use. The beast hilt on like grim death, an' Crack sot back an' tried ter pull

'I wur nigh dead, but I sw'ar I hed to larf to see the pup.
"'Twur a lucky holt fur me though. "You see when Crack pulled off on one side, howlin' an' t'arin' up the airth with

his claws, he sorter twisted the chouger's

neck round, an' give me a chance.
"You kin sw'ar I warn't long a-usin' it, nuther. One wipe did the biziness, cl'ar to the bone, fur I felt the edge grate ag'in' it, an' the varmint rolled off, takin' Crack's ear with him, dead as a pine knot.
"I reckin I must 'a' fainted like arter

thet, fur when I kim tu it war broad day, an' sum yaller-bellies wur bindin' up the wownds. Ther war a heap uv 'em, I tell you, an' bad 'uns, an' I didn't look through ries, and of posterity.